PZ
3
.B565
Wis

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 40 Copyright No.

Shelf PZ3
.B565 Wis

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

See p 38

" p 45

(Spey wife 9)

No. 584. 10 Cents.

FICTION · SCIENCE · RELIGION ·

LOVELL'S LIBRARY

A TRI-WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE BEST CURRENT & STANDARD LITERATURE

Vol. 11. No. 584. May 8 1885. Annual Subscription, $30.00.

WISE WOMEN OF INVERNESS

BY

WILLIAM BLACK

AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "IN SILK ATTIRE," "YOLANDE," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

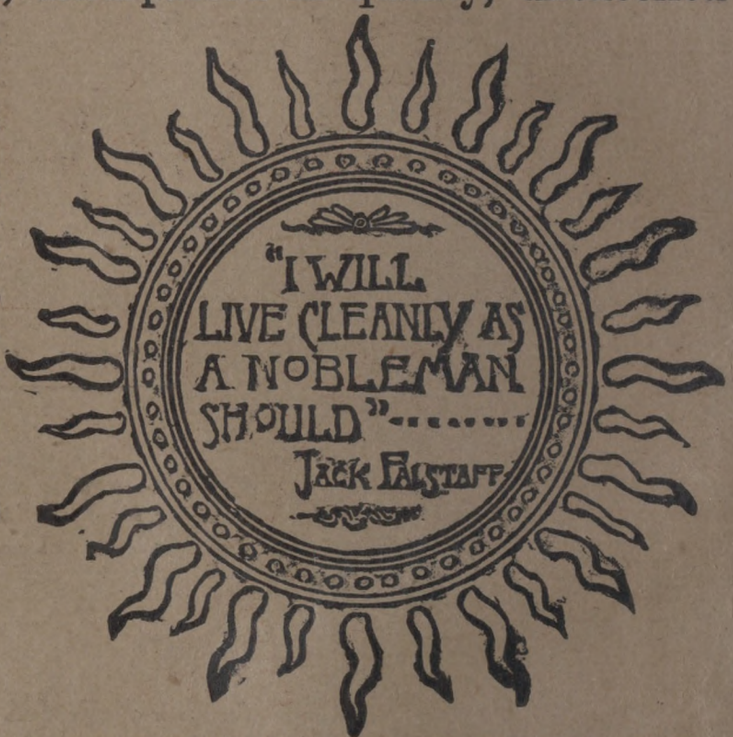
Entered at the Post Office, N. Y., as second-class matter.
Copyright, 1884, by JOHN W. LOVELL CO.

NEW-YORK
JOHN · W · LOVELL · COMPANY
14 & 16 VESEY STREET

TID-BITS ONLY 5 CENTS. THE BEST LITERARY AND HUMOROUS WEEKLY PUBLISHED. — AT ALL — NEWSTANDS.

Know All Women BY THESE PRESENTS, That while sundry and almost countless imitations of and substitutes for Enoch Morgan's Sons Sapolio are offered by unscrupulous parties, who do not hesitate to represent them as the original article,

This Indenture WITNESSETH, That there is but one Sapolio, to wit :—the original article manufactured by the Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., of New York, unsurpassed in quality, unexcelled in popularity, and widely known not only through its own merits, but through the many original modes which have been adopted to introduce it to the attention of the public. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. Cheapness is a poor proof of quality. Cheap imitations are doubly doubtful. The most critical communities are the most liberal purchasers of Sapolio which they invariably find to be worth the price they pay for it.



In Witness Whereof, we hereby affix a great seal and our corporate title.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

THE TUXEDO SUMMER SUIT

Is a "Knitted Costume." Consists of Blouse, Skirt and Sash, of the finest worsted materials. Is full fashioned (no seams) in a variety of colors. In fact, no Lady or Miss anticipating a visit to the seashore, the mountains, or who may indulge in Yachting, Rowing, Lawn Tennis, or other outdoor sports, can afford to be without, at least one of these beautiful costumes. Circulars with full description sent upon application.

Copyrighted 1887, by James McCreery & Co

—FOR SALE ONLY BY—

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway & 11th Street, N. Y.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!

West 63d St., N. Y., lady writes:

"I found Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers did all you guaranteed they would do. I was delicate from the effects of malaria, could not sleep or eat, and had a 'WRETCHED COMPLEXION;' but NOW all is changed. I not only sleep and eat well, but my complexion is the envy and talk of my lady friends. You may refer to me" (Name and address furnished to ladies.) By mail, 50c. and $1; samples, 25c. Harmless. Prepared ONLY by **JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 16th Street, N. Y.**

—Sold by Druggists.—

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, and their treatment.—Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. ***Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 37 North Pearl St., Albany, New York.*** 6 parlors—for ladies. Established 187

COMPLETE CATALOGUE

OF

Lovell's Library.

NEW YORK:

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

14 AND 16 VESEY STREET.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE BY AUTHORS.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY now contains the complete writings of most of the best standard authors, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Scott, Lytton, Black, etc., etc.

Each number is issued in neat 12mo form, and the type will be found larger, and the paper better, than in any other cheap series published.

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

P. O. Box 1992. **14 and 16 Vesey St., New York.**

BY G. M. ADAM AND A. E. WETHERALD

846 An Algonquin Maiden.....20

BY MAX ADELER

295 Random Shots.....20
325 Elbow Room.....20

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD

560 The Adventurers.....10
567 The Trail-Hunter.....10
573 Pearl of the Andes.....10
1011 Pirates of the Prairies.....10
1021 The Trapper's Daughter.....10
1032 The Tiger Slayer.....10
1045 Trappers of Arkansas.....10
1052 Border Rifles.....10
1063 The Freebooters.....10
1069 The White Scalper.....10

BY MRS. ALDERDICE

346 An Interesting Case.....20

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

62 The Wooing O't, 2 Parts, each.....15
99 The Admiral's Ward.....20
209 The Executor.....20
349 Valerie's Fate.....10
664 At Bay.....10
746 Beaton's Bargain.....20
777 A Second Life.....20
799 Maid, Wife, or Widow.....10
840 By Woman's Wit.....20
995 Which Shall it Be?.....20

BY F. ANSTEY

30 Vice Versâ; or, A Lesson to Fathers..20
394 The Giant's Robe.....20
453 Black Poodle, and Other Tales.....20
616 The Tinted Venus.....15
755 A Fallen Idol.....20

BY T. S. ARTHUR

496 Woman's Trials.....20
507 The Two Wives.....15
518 Married Life.....15
538 The Ways of Providence.....15
545 Home Scenes.....15
554 Stories for Parents.....15
563 Seed-Time and Harvest.....15
568 Words for the Wise.....15
574 Stories for Young Housekeepers....15
579 Lessons in Life.....15
582 Off-Hand Sketches.....15
585 Tried and Tempted.....15

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

419 Fairy Tales.....20

BY EDWIN ARNOLD

436 The Light of Asia.....20
455 Pearls of the Faith.....15
472 Indian Song of Songs.....10

BY W. E. AYTOUN

351 Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.....20

BY ADAM BADEAU

756 Conspiracy.....25

BY SIR SAMUEL BAKER

206 Cast up by the Sea.....20
227 Rifle and Hound in Ceylon.....20
233 Eight Years' Wandering in Ceylon..20

BY C. W. BALESTIER

381 A Fair Device.....20
405 Life of J. G. Blaine.....20

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE

215 The Red Eric.....20
226 The Fire Brigade.....20
239 Erling the Bold.....20
241 Deep Down.....20

BY S. BARING-GOULD

878 Little Tu'penny.....10

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON BAYNE

460 Galaski.....20

BY AUGUST BEBEL

712 Woman.....30

BY MRS. E. BEDELL BENJAMIN

748 Our Roman Palace.....20

BY A. BENRIMO

470 Vic.....15

BY E. BERGER

901 Charles Auchester.....20

BY W. BERGSOE

77 Pillone.....15

BY E. BERTHET

366 The Sergeant's Legacy.....20

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

3 The Happy Boy.....10
4 Arne.....10

BY WALTER BESANT

18 They Were Married.....10
103 Let Nothing You Dismay.....10
257 All in a Garden Fair.....20
268 When the Ship Comes Home.....10
384 Dorothy Forster.....20
699 Self or Bearer.....10
842 The World Went Very Well Then..20
847 The Holy Rose 10
1002 To Call Her Mine.....20

BY WILLIAM BLACK

40 An Adventure in Thule, etc.....10
48 A Princess of Thule.....20
82 A Daughter of Heth.....20
85 Shandon Bells.....20
93 Macleod of Dare.....20
136 Yolande.....20
142 Strange Adventures of a Phaeton..20
146 White Wings.....20
153 Sunrise, 2 Parts, each.....15
178 Madcap Violet 20
180 Kilmeny.....20
182 That Beautiful Wretch.....20
184 Green Pastures, etc 20
188 In Silk Attire.....20
213 The Three Feathers.....20
216 Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.....10
217 The Four MacNicols.....10
218 Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P.....10
225 Oliver Goldsmith.....10
282 Monarch of Mincing Lane.....20
456 Judith Shakespeare.....20
584 Wise Women of Inverness.....10
678 White Heather.....20
958 Sabina Zembra.....20

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

88 The Golden Calf.....20
104 Lady Audley's Secret.....20
214 Phantom Fortune.....20
266 Under the Red Flag.....10
444 An Ishmaelite.....20
555 Aurora Floyd.....20
588 To the Bitter End.....20
596 Dead Sea Fruit.....20
698 The Mistletoe Bough.....20
766 Vixen.....20
783 The Octoroon 20
814 Mohawks.....20
868 One Thing Needful.....20
869 Barbara; or, Splendid Misery.....20
870 John Marchmont's Legacy.....20
871 Joshua Haggard's Daughter.....20
872 Taken at the Flood 20
873 Asphodel 20
877 The Doctor's Wife 20
878 Only a Clod.....20
879 Sir Jasper's Tenant.....20
880 Lady's Mile.....20
881 Birds of Prey.....20
882 Charlotte's Inheritance.....20
883 Rupert Godwin.....20
886 Strangers and Pilgrims.....20
887 A Strange World.....20
888 Mount Royal.....20
889 Just As I Am.....20
890 Dead Men's Shoes 20
892 Hostages to Fortune.....20
893 Fenton's Quest.....20
894 The Cloven Foot 20

BY FRANK BARRETT.

1009 The Great Hesper.....20

BY R. D. BLACKMORE

851 Lorna Doone, Part I.....20
851 Lorna Doone, Part II.....20
936 Maid of Sker 20
953 Cradock Nowell, Part I.....20
955 Cradock Nowell, Part II.....20
961 Springhaven.....20
1034 Mary Anerley.....20
1035 Alice Lorraine.....20
1036 Cristowell.....20
1037 Clara Vaughan.....20
1038 Cripps the Carrier.....20
1039 Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore.....20
1040 Erema; or, My Father's Sin.....20

BY LILLIE D. BLAKE

105 Woman's Place To-day.....20
597 Fettered for Life.....25

BY ANNIE BRADSHAW

716 A Crimson Stain.....20

BY CHARLOTTE BREMER

448 Life of Fredrika Bremer.....20

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE

74 Jane Eyre.....20
897 Shirley 20

BY RHODA BROUGHTON

23 Second Thoughts.....20
230 Belinda.....20
781 Betty's Visions.....15
841 Dr. Cupid 20
1022 Good-Bye, Sweetheart 20
1023 Red as a Rose is She.....20
1024 Cometh up as a Flower.....20
1025 Not Wisely but too Well.....20
1026 Nancy 20
1027 Joan.....20

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

421 Aurora Leigh.....20
479 Poems.....35

BY ROBERT BROWNING

552 Selections from Poetical Works.....20

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

443 Poems.....20

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

318 The New Abelard.....20
696 The Master of the Mine.....10

BY JOHN BUNYAN

200 The Pilgrim's Progress.....20

BY ROBERT BURNS

430 Poems.....20

BY REV. JAS. S. BUSH

113 More Words about the Bible.....20

BY E. LASSETER BYNNER

100 Nimport, 2 Parts, each.....15
102 Tritons, 2 Parts, each.....15

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

526 Poems.....20

BY ROSA NOUCHETE CAREY

660 For Lilias.....20
911 Not Like other Girls.....20
912 Robert Ord's Atonement.....20
959 Wee Wifie.....20
960 Wooed and Married.....20

BY WM. CARLETON

190 Willy Reilly.....20
820 Shane Fadh's Wedding.....10
821 Larry McFarland's Wake.....10
822 The Party Fight and Funeral.....10
823 The Midnight Mass.....10
824 Phil Purcel.....10
825 An Irish Oath.....10
826 Going to Maynooth.....10
827 Phelim O'Toole's Courtship.....10
828 Dominick, the Poor Scholar.....10
829 Neal Malone.....10

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

486 History of French Revolution, 2 Parts, each.....25
494 Past and Present.....20
500 The Diamond Necklace; and Mirabeau.....15
503 Chartism.....20
508 Sartor Resartus.....20
514 Early Kings of Norway.....20
520 Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.....10
522 Goethe, and Miscellaneous Essays...10
525 Life of Heyne.....15
528 Voltaire and Novalis.....15
541 Heroes, and Hero-Worship.....20
546 Signs of the Times.....15
550 German Literature.....15
561 Portraits of John Knox.....15
571 Count Cagliostro, etc.....15
578 Frederick the Great, Vol. I.....20
580 " " " Vol. II.....20
591 " " " Vol. III.....20
610 " " " Vol. IV.....20
619 " " " Vol. V.....20
622 " " " Vol. VI.....20
626 " " " Vol. VII.....20
628 " " " Vol. VIII.....20
630 Life of John Sterling.....20
633 Latter-Day Pamphlets.....20
636 Life of Schiller.....20
643 Oliver Cromwell, Vol. I.....25
646 " " Vol. II.....25
649 " " Vol. III.....25
652 Characteristics and other Essays...15
656 Corn Law Rhymes and other Essays.15
658 Baillie the Covenanter and other Essays.....15
661 Dr. Francia and other Essays.....15

BY LEWIS CARROLL

480 Alice's Adventures.....20
481 Through the Looking-Glass.....20

BY "CAVENDISH"

422 Cavendish Card Essays.....15

BY CERVANTES

417 Don Quixote.....30

BY L. W. CHAMPNEY

119 Bourbon Lilies.....20

BY VICTOR CHERBULIEZ

242 Samuel Brohl & Co.....20

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

183 Her Mother's Sin.....20
277 Dora Thorne.....20
287 Beyond Pardon.....20
420 A Broken Wedding-Ring.....20
423 Repented at Leisure.....20
458 Sunshine and Roses.....20
465 The Earl's Atonement.....20
474 A Woman's Temptation.....20
476 Love Works Wonders.....20
558 Fair but False.....10
593 Between Two Sins.....10
651 At War with Herself.....15
669 Hilda.....10
689 Her Martyrdom.....20
692 Lord Lynn's Choice.....10
694 The Shadow of a Sin.....10
695 Wedded and Parted.....10
700 In Cupid's Net.....10
701 Lady Damer's Secret.....20
718 A Gilded Sin.....10
720 Between Two Loves.....20
727 For Another's Sin.....20
730 Romance of a Young Girl.....20
733 A Queen Amongst Women.....10
738 A Golden Dawn.....10
739 Like no Other Love.....10
740 A Bitter Atonement.....20
744 Evelyn's Folly.....20
752 Set in Diamonds.....20
764 A Fair Mystery.....20
800 Thorns and Orange Blossoms.....10
801 Romance of a Black Veil.....10
803 Love's Warfare.....10
804 Madolin's Lover.....20
806 From Out the Gloom.....20
807 Which Loved Him Best.....10
808 A True Magdalen.....20
809 The Sin of a Lifetime.....20
810 Prince Charlie's Daughter.....10
811 A Golden Heart.....10
812 Wife in Name Only.....20
815 A Woman's Error.....20
896 Marjorie.....20
922 A Wilful Maid.....20
923 Lady Castlemaine's Divorce.....20
926 Claribel's Love Story.....20
928 Thrown on the World.....20
929 Under a Shadow.....20
930 A Struggle for a Ring.....20
932 Hilary's Folly.....20
933 A Haunted Life.....20
934 A Woman's Love Story.....20
969 A Woman's War.....20
984 'Twixt Smile and Tear.....20
985 Lady Diana's Pride.....20
986 Belle of Lynn.....20
988 Marjorie's Fate.....20
989 Sweet Cymbeline.....20
1007 Redeemed by Love.....20
1012 The Squire's Darling.....10
1013 The Mystery of Colde Fell.....20

BY REV. JAS. FREEMAN CLARK

167 Anti-Slavery Days.....20

BY S. T. COLERIDGE

523 Poems.....30

BY WILKIE COLLINS

8 The Moonstone, Part I.....10
9 The Moonstone, Part II.....10
24 The New Magdalen.. 20
87 Heart and Science.....20
418 "I Say No"... 20
437 Tales of Two Idle Apprentices.....15
683 The Ghost's Touch.....10
686 My Lady's Money.....10
722 The Evil Genius... 20
839 The Guilty River.....10
957 The Dead Secret.....20
996 The Queen of Hearts.....20
1003 The Haunted Hotel.... 10

BY HUGH CONWAY

429 Called Back.....15
462 Dark Days 15
612 Carriston's Gift.....10
617 Paul Vargas: a Mystery.....10
631 A Family Affair.....20
667 Story of a Sculptor.....10
672 Slings and Arrows.....10
715 A Cardinal Sin.....20
745 Living or Dead.....20
750 Somebody's Story.....10
968 Bound by a Spell 20

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

6 The Last of the Mohicans.....20
53 The Spy.....20
365 The Pathfinder.....20
378 Homeward Bound.....20
441 Home as Found.....20
463 The Deerslayer.....30
467 The Prairie.....20
471 The Pioneer.....25
484 The Two Admirals.....20
488 The Water-Witch.....20
491 The Red Rover.....20
501 The Pilot.....20
506 Wing and Wing.....20
512 Wyandotte.....20
517 Heidenmauer.....20
519 The Headsman.....20
524 The Bravo.....20
527 Lionel Lincoln.....20
529 Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.....20
532 Afloat and Ashore.....25
539 Miles Wallingford.....20
543 The Monikins.....20
548 Mercedes of Castile.....20
553 The Sea Lions.....20
559 The Crater.....20
562 Oak Openings.....20
570 Satanstoe.....20
576 The Chain-Bearer.....20
587 Ways of the Hour.....20
601 Precaution.....20
603 Redskins 25
611 Jack Tier.....20

BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS

409 Adrift with a Vengeance.....25

BY THE COUNTESS

1028 A Passion Flower 20
1041 The World Between Them.....20

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK

1006 A Daughter of the People.....20

BY R. CRISWELL

350 Grandfather Lickshingle 20

BY R. H. DANA, JR.

464 Two Years before the Mast.....20

BY DANTE

345 Dante's Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise..... 20

BY FLORA A. DARLING

260 Mrs. Darling's War Letters.....20

BY JOYCE DARRELL

315 Winifred Power 20

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

478 Tartarin of Tarascon.....20
604 Sidonie.....20
613 Jack.....20
615 The Little Good-for-Nothing.....20
645 The Nabob..... 25

BY REV. C. H. DAVIES, D.D.

453 Mystic London.....20

BY THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

431 Life of Spenser..... . 10

BY C. DEBANS

475 A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing..... ...20

BY REV. C. F. DEEMS, D.D.

704 Evolution.....20

BY DANIEL DEFOE

428 Robinson Crusoe.....25

BY THOS. DE QUINCEY

20 The Spanish Nun 10

BY CHARLES DICKENS

10 Oliver Twist..... 20
38 A Tale of Two Cities.....20
75 Child's History of England.....20
91 Pickwick Papers, 2 Parts, each.....20
140 The Cricket on the Hearth 10
144 Old Curiosity Shop, 2 Parts, each...15
150 Barnaby Rudge, 2 Parts, each.....15
158 David Copperfield, 2 Parts, each....20
170 Hard Times.....20
192 Great Expectations..... 20
201 Martin Chuzzlewit, 2 Parts, each....20
210 American Notes 20
219 Dombey and Son, 2 Parts, each.....20
223 Little Dorrit, 2 Parts, each.....20
228 Our Mutual Friend, 2 Parts, each...20
231 Nicholas Nickleby, 2 Parts, each....20
234 Pictures from Italy 10
237 The Boy at Mugby.....10
244 Bleak House, 2 Parts, each.....20
246 Sketches of the Young Couples.....10
261 Master Humphrey's Clock.....10
267 The Haunted House, etc.....10
270 The Mudfog Papers, etc..... .. 10
273 Sketches by Boz.....20
274 A Christmas Carol, etc.....15
282 Uncommercial Traveller.....20
288 Somebody's Luggage, etc.....10
293 The Battle of Life, etc..... 10
297 Mystery of Edwin Drood.....20
298 Reprinted Pieces 20
302 No Thoroughfare.....15
437 Tales of Two Idle Apprentices.....10

BY CARL DETLEF

27 Irene; or, The Lonely Manor.....20

BY PROF. DOWDEN

404 Life of Southey 10

BY JOHN DRYDEN

498 Poems.....30

BY DU BOISGOBEY

1018 Condemned Door.....20

BY THE "DUCHESS"

58 Portia.....20
76 Molly Bawn.....20
78 Phyllis.....20
86 Monica.....10
90 Mrs. Geoffrey.....20
92 Airy Fairy Lilian.....20
126 Loys, Lord Beresford.....20
132 Moonshine and Marguerites.....10
162 Faith and Unfaith.....20
168 Beauty's Daughters.....20
284 Rossmoyne.....20
451 Doris.....20
477 A Week in Killarney 10
530 In Durance Vile.....10
618 Dick's Sweetheart; or, "O Tender Dolores".....20
621 A Maiden all Forlorn.....10
624 A Passive Crime.....10
721 Lady Branksmere.....20
735 A Mental Struggle.....20
737 The Haunted Chamber 10
792 Her Week's Amusement.....10
802 Lady Valworth's Diamonds 20

BY LORD DUFFERIN

95 Letters from High Latitudes.....20

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

761 Count of Monte Cristo, Part I.....20
761 Count of Monte Cristo, Part II.....20
775 The Three Guardsmen.....20
786 Twenty Years After 20
884 The Son of Monte Cristo, Part I....20
884 The Son of Monte Cristo, Part II...20
885 Monte Cristo and His Wife.....20
891 Countess of Monte Cristo, Part I...20
891 Countess of Monte Cristo, Part II...20
998 Beau Tancrede.....20

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR.

992 Camille.....10

BY MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS

681 A Girton Girl.....20

BY GEORGE ELIOT

56 Adam Bede, 2 Parts, each.....15
69 Amos Barton.....10
71 Silas Marner 10
79 Romola, 2 Parts, each.....15
149 Janet's Repentance.....10
151 Felix Holt.....20
174 Middlemarch, 2 Parts, each.....20
195 Daniel Deronda, 2 Parts, each.....20
202 Theophrastus Such.....10
205 The Spanish Gypsy, and other Poems20
207 The Mill on the Floss, 2 Parts, each.15
208 Brother Jacob, etc.....10
374 Essays, and Leaves from a Note-Book.....20

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

203 Disarmed.....15
663 The Flower of Doom.....10
1005 Next of Kin.....20

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

373 Essays 20

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. EDITED BY JOHN MORLEY

348 Bunyan, by J. A. Froude.....10
407 Burke, by John Morley.....10
334 Burns, by Principal Shairp.....10
347 Byron, by Professor Nichol.....10
413 Chaucer, by Prof. A. W. Ward.....10
424 Cowper, by Goldwin Smith.....10
377 Defoe, by William Minto.....10
383 Gibbon, by J. C. Morrison.....10
225 Goldsmith, by William Black.....10
369 Hume, by Professor Huxley.....10
401 Johnson, by Leslie Stephen.....10
380 Locke, by Thomas Fowler.....10
392 Milton, by Mark Pattison.....10
398 Pope, by Leslie Stephen.....10
364 Scott, by R. H. Hutton.....10
361 Shelley, by J. Symonds.....10
404 Southey, by Professor Dowden.....10
431 Spenser, by the Dean of St. Paul's..10
344 Thackeray, by Anthony Trollope...10
410 Wordsworth, by F. Myers.....10

BY B. L. FARJEON

243 Gautran; or, House of White Shadows.....20
654 Love's Harvest.....20
856 Golden Bells 10
874 Nine of Hearts 20

BY HARRIET FARLEY

473 Christmas Stories.....20

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

19 Seekers after God.....20
50 Early Days of Christianity, 2 Parts, each 20

BY GEORGE MANNVILLE FENN

1004 This Man's Wife.....20

BY OCTAVE FEUILLET

41 A Marriage in High Life.....20
987 Romance of a Poor Young Man....10

BY FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE

711 Undine 10

BY MRS. FORRESTER

760 Fair Women 20
818 Once Again.....20
843 My Lord and My Lady.....20
844 Dolores 20
850 My Hero 20
859 Viva.....20
860 Omnia Vanitas 10
861 Diana Carew.....20
862 From Olympus to Hades.....20
863 Rhona 20
864 Roy and Viola.....20
865 June.....20
866 Mignon 20
867 A Young Man's Fancy 20

BY THOMAS FOWLER

380 Life of Locke.....10

BY FRANCESCA

177 The Story of Ida.....10

BY R. E. FRANCILLON

319 A Real Queen.....20
856 Golden Bells.....10

BY ALBERT FRANKLYN

122 Ameline de Bourg.....15

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH

485 My Roses.....20

BY J. A. FROUDE

348 Life of Bunyan.....10

BY EMILE GABORIAU

114 Monsieur Lecoq, 2 Parts, each.....20
116 The Lerouge Case.....20
120 Other People's Money.....20
129 In Peril of His Life.....20
138 The Gilded Clique.....20
155 Mystery of Orcival.....20
161 Promise of Marriage.....10
258 File No. 113.....20

BY HENRY GEORGE

52 Progress and Poverty.....20
390 Land Question.....10
393 Social Problems.....20
796 Property in Land.....15

BY CHARLES GIBBON

57 The Golden Shaft.....20

BY J. W. VON GOETHE

342 Goethe's Faust.....20
343 Goethe's Poems.....20

BY NIKOLAI V. GOGOL

1016 Taras Bulla.....20

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

51 Vicar of Wakefield.....10
362 Plays and Poems.....20

BY MRS. GORE

89 The Dean's Daughter.....20

BY JAMES GRANT

49 The Secret Despatch.....20

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

1001 Frankley.....20

BY CECIL GRIFFITH

732 Victory Deane.....20

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

709 No. 99.....10

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

221 Fairy Tales, Illustrated.....20

BY LIEUT. J. W. GUNNISON

440 History of the Mormons.....15

BY ERNST HAECKEL

97 India and Ceylon.....20

BY MARION HARLAND

107 Housekeeping and Homemaking....15

BY F. W. HACKLANDER

606 Forbidden Fruit.....20

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

813 King Solomon's Mines.....20
848 She.....20
876 The Witch's Head.....20
900 Jess.....20
941 Dawn.....20
1020 Allan Quatermain.....20

BY A. EGMONT HAKE

371 The Story of Chinese Gordon.....20

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY

15 L'Abbé Constantin.....20

BY THOMAS HARDY

43 Two on a Tower.....20
157 Romantic Adventures of a Milk-maid.....10
749 The Mayor of Casterbridge.....20
956 The Woodlanders.....20
964 Far from the Madding Crowd.....20

BY JOHN HARRISON AND M. COMPTON

414 Over the Summer Sea.....20

BY J. B. HARWOOD

269 One False, both Fair.....20

BY JOSEPH HATTON

7 Clytie.....20
137 Cruel London.....20

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

370 Twice Told Tales.....20
376 Grandfather's Chair.....20

BY MARY CECIL HAY

466 Under the Will.....10
566 The Arundel Motto.....20
590 Old Myddleton's Money.....20
787 A Wicked Girl.....10
971 Nora's Love Test.....20
972 The Squire's Legacy.....20
973 Dorothy's Venture.....20
974 My First Offer.....10
975 Back to the Old Home.....10
976 For Her Dear Sake.....20
977 Hidden Perils.....20
978 Victor and Vanquished.....20

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

583 Poems.....30

BY DAVID J. HILL, LL.D.

533 Principles and Fallacies of Socialism.....15

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

356 Hygiene of the Brain.....25

BY MRS. M. A. HOLMES

709 Woman against Woman.....20
743 A Woman's Vengeance.....20

BY PAXTON HOOD

73 Life of Cromwell.....15

BY THOMAS HOOD

511 Poems.....30

BY HORRY AND WEEMS

36 Life of Marion.....20

BY ROBERT HOUDIN

14 The Tricks of the Greeks 20

BY ADAH M. HOWARD

970 Against Her Will.....20
993 The Child Wife.... 10

BY EDWARD HOWLAND

742 Social Solutions, Part I.....10
747 " " Part II.....10
758 " " Part III.....10
762 " " Part IV.....10
765 " " Part V.....10
774 " " Part Vi ... .10
778 " " Part VII.....10
782 " " Part VIII 10
785 " " Part IX.....10
788 " " Part X.....10
791 " " Part XI 10
795 " " Part XII.....10

BY MARIE HOWLAND

534 Papa's Own Girl.....30

BY JOHN W. HOYT, LL.D.

535 Studies in Civil Service.....15

BY THOMAS HUGHES

61 Tom Brown's School Days.....20
186 Tom Brown at Oxford, 2 Parts, each .15

BY PROF. HUXLEY

369 Life of Hume.....10

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY

109 The Spoopendyke Papers.....20

BY VICTOR HUGO

784 Les Miserables, Part I.....20
784 " " Part II 20
784 " " Part III.....20

BY R. H. HUTTON

364 Life of Scott 20

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

147 The Sketch Book. 20
198 Tales of a Traveller..... ...20
199 Life and Voyages of Columbus, Part I.....20
Life and Voyages of Columbus, Part II.....20
224 Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey...10
236 Knickerbocker History of New York.20
249 The Crayon Papers.....20
263 The Alhambra 15
272 Conquest of Granada.....20
279 Conquest of Spain.....10
281 Bracebridge Hall 20
290 Salmagundi. ... .20
299 Astoria..... 20
301 Spanish Voyages 20
305 A Tour on the Prairies 10
308 Life of Mahomet, 2 Parts, each 15
310 Oliver Goldsmith.... 20
311 Captain Bonneville.....20
314 Moorish Chronicles.....10
321 Wolfert's Roost and Miscellanies....10

BY HARRIET JAY

17 The Dark Colleen.....20

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

44 Rasselas 10

BY MAURICE JOKAI

754 A Modern Midas 20

BY JOHN KEATS

531 Poems 25

BY EDWARD KELLOGG

111 Labor and Capital 20

BY GRACE KENNEDY

106 Dunallan, 2 Parts, each.....15

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY

67 Horse-Shoe Robinson, 2 Parts, each .15

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

39 The Hermits 20
64 Hypatia, 2 Parts, each 15

BY HENRY KINGSLEY

726 Austin Eliot 20
728 The Hillyars and Burtons.....20
731 Leighton Court..... 20
736 Geoffrey Hamlyn 30

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON

254 Peter the Whaler.....20
322 Mark Seaworth.....20
324 Round the World..... ..20
335 The Young Foresters 20
337 Salt Water ... .20
338 The Midshipman 20

BY F. KIRBY

454 The Golden Dog.....40

BY A. LA POINTE

445 The Rival Doctors 20

BY MISS MARGARET LEE

25 Divorce 20
600 A Brighton Night..... 20
725 Dr. Wilmer's Love 25
741 Lorimer and Wife 20

BY VERNON LEE

797 A Phantom Lover 10
798 Prince of the Hundred Soups.....10

BY JULES LERMINA

469 The Chase 20

BY CHARLES LEVER

327 Harry Lorrequer.....20
789 Charles O'Malley, 2 Parts, each.....20
794 Tom Burke of Ours, 2 Parts, each..20

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

1 Hyperion 20
2 Outre-Mer 20
482 Poems 20

BY SAMUEL LOVER

163 The Happy Man 10
719 Rory O'More.....20
849 Handy Andy 20

BY COMMANDER LOVETT-CAMERON.

817 The Cruise of the Black Prince. 20

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON

927 Pure Gold.....20

BY HENRY W. LUCY

96 Gideon Fleyce 20

BY HENRY C. LUKENS

131 Jets and Flashes 20

BY EDNA LYALL

962 Knights-Errant.....20

BY E. LYNN LYNTON

275 Ione Stewart.....20

BY LORD LYTTON

11 The Coming Race.....10
12 Leila 10
31 Ernest Maltravers 20
32 The Haunted House.....10
45 Alice: A Sequel to Ernest Maltravers 20
55 A Strange Story.....20
59 Last Days of Pompeii.....20
81 Zanoni.....20
84 Night and Morning, 2 Parts, each..15
117 Paul Clifford.....20
121 Lady of Lyons.....10
128 Money 10
152 Richelieu.....10
160 Rienzi, 2 Parts, each.....15
176 Pelham 20
204 Eugene Aram.....20
222 The Disowned.....20
240 Kenelm Chillingly.....20
245 What Will He Do with It? 2 Parts, each 20
247 Devereux.....20
250 The Caxtons, 2 Parts, each.....15
253 Lucretia 20
255 Last of the Barons, 2 Parts, each ...15
259 The Parisians, 2 Parts, each.....20
271 My Novel, 3 Parts, each.....20
276 Harold, 2 Parts, each.....15
289 Godolphin.....20
294 Pilgrims of the Rhine.....15
317 Pausanias.....15

BY LORD MACAULAY

333 Lays of Ancient Rome.....20

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID

898 Joan Wentworth 20

BY E. MARLITT

771 The Old Mam'selle's Secret.....20
1029 Gold Elsie 20

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT

212 The Privateersman.....20

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

353 Tales of the French Revolution.....15
354 Loom and Lugger.....20
357 Berkeley the Banker.....20
358 Homes Abroad 15
363 For Each and For All.....15
372 Hill and Valley 15
379 The Charmed Sea.....15
388 Life in the Wilds 15
395 Sowers not Reapers.....15
400 Glen of the Echoes.....15

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

903 The Master Passion.....20
904 A Lucky Disappointment.....10
905 Her Lord and Master.....20
906 My Own Child.....20
907 No Intentions.....20
908 Written in Fire.....20
909 A Little Stepson.....10
910 With Cupid's Eyes.....20
931 Why Not?.....20
937 My Sister the Actress.....20
938 Captain Norton's Diary.....10
939 Girls of Feversham 20
940 The Root of all Evil.....20
942 Facing the Footlights.....20
943 Petronel 20
944 A Star and a Heart.....10
945 Ange.....20
946 A Harvest of Wild Oats.....20
947 The Poison of Asps.....10
948 Fair-Haired Alda.....20
949 The Heir Presumptive.....20
950 Under the Lilies and Roses.....20
951 Heart of Jane Warner.....20
952 Love's Conflict, Part I.....20
952 Love's Conflict, Part II.....20
953 Phyllida.....20
954 Out of His Reckoning.....10
979 Her World against a Lie.....20
990 Open Sesame.....20
991 Mad Dumaresq 20
999 Fighting the Air 20

BY HELEN MATHERS

165 Eyre's Acquittal 10
1046 Comin' Thro' the Rye.....20
1047 Sam's Sweetheart 20
1048 Story of a Sin 20
1049 Cherry Ripe 20
1050 My Lady Green Sleeves.....20

BY A. MATHEY

46 Duke of Kandos. 20
60 The Two Duchesses 20

BY W. S. MAYO

76 The Berber.....20

BY J. H. McCARTHY

115 An Outline of Irish History.....10

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

278 Maid of Athens.....20

BY T. L. MEADE

328 How It All Came Round.....20

BY OWEN MEREDITH

331 Lucile 20

BY JOHN MILTON

389 Paradise Lost.....20

BY WILLIAM MINTO

377 Life of Defoe.....10

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH

1008 Marrying and Giving in Marriage ..10

BY THOMAS MOORE

416 Lalla Rookh.....20
487 Poems 40

BY J. C. MORRISON

383 Life of Gibbon.....10

BY JOHN MORLEY

407 Life of Burke.....10

BY EDWARD H. MOTT

139 Pike County Folks 20

BY ALAN MUIR

312 Golden Girls ..... .20

BY LOUISA MUHLBACH

1000 Frederick the Great and his Court..30
1014 The Daughter of an Empress.....30
1033 Goethe and Schiller 30

BY MAX MULLER

130 India: What Can It Teach Us?....20

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

197 By the Gate of the Sea.....15
758 Cynic Fortune.....10

BY F. MYERS

410 Life of Wordsworth 10

BY MISS MULOCK

33 John Halifax 20
435 Miss Tommy 15
751 King Arthur.....20

BY FLORENCE NEELY

564 Hand-Book for the Kitchen..... ..20

BY REV. R. H. NEWTON

83 Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible..20

BY JOHN NICHOL

347 Life of Byron..... 10

BY JAMES R. NICHOLS, M.D.

375 Science at Home 20

BY W. E. NORRIS

108 No New Thing 20
592 That Terrible Man 10
779 My Friend Jim.....10

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH

439 Noctes Ambrosianæ..... 30

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT

196 Altiora Peto..... 20

BY MRS. OLIPHANT

124 The Ladies Lindores..... 20
179 The Little Pilgrim.....10
175 Sir Tom 20
326 The Wizard's Son 25
368 Old Lady Mary..... 10
602 Oliver's Bride 10
717 A Country Gentleman 20
831 The Son of his Father 20
920 John: a Love Story 20
925 A Poor Gentleman..... 20
994 Lucy Crofton.....10

BY OUIDA

112 Wanda, 2 Parts, each.....15
127 Under Two Flags, 2 Parts, each....20
387 Princess Napraxine.....25
675 A Rainy June.....10
763 Moths 20
790 Othmar 20
805 A House Party..... 10
852 Friendship 20
853 In Maremma.....20
854 Signa.....20
855 Pascarel.....20

BY MAX O'RELL

336 John Bull and His Island.....20
459 John Bull and His Daughters.....20

BY ALBERT K. OWEN

655 Integral Co-operation.....30

BY LOUISA PARR

42 Robin 20

BY MARK PATTISON

392 Life of Milton 10

BY JAMES PAYN

187 Thicker than Water..... 20
330 The Canon's Ward 20
659 Luck of the Darrells 20

BY HENRY PETERSON

1015 Pemberton.....30

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

403 Poems 20
426 Narrative of A. Gordon Pym.....15
432 Gold Bug, and Other Tales.....15
438 The Assignation, and Other Tales..15
447 The Murders in the Rue Morgue....15

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S.

406 The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist..... 15

BY ALEXANDER POPE

391 Homer's Odyssey 20
396 Homer's Iliad.....30
457 Poems 30

BY JANE PORTER

189 Scottish Chiefs, Part I.....20
Scottish Chiefs, Part II.....20
382 Thaddeus of Warsaw 25

BY C. F. POST AND FRED. C. LEUBUCHER

838 The George-Hewitt Campaign.....20

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

339 Poems.....20

BY AGNES RAY

1010 Mrs. Gregory.....20

BY CHARLES READE

28 Singleheart and Doubleface.....10
415 A Perilous Secret..... 20
759 Foul Play.....20
773 Put Yourself in his Place.....20
913 Griffith Gaunt. 20
914 A Terrible Temptation.....20
915 Very Hard Cash..... 20
916 It is Never Too Late to Mend 20
917 The Knightsbridge Mystery 10
918 A Woman Hater.... 20
919 Readiana..... 10

BY REBECCA FERGUS REDD

16 Freckles 20
408 The Brierfield Tragedy 20

BY "RITA"

556 Dame Durden.....20
599 Like Dian's Kiss 20

BY SIR H. ROBERTS

101 Harry Holbrooke 20

BY A. M. F. ROBINSON

134 Arden 15

BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE

411 Children of the Abbey 30

BY BLANCHE ROOSEVELT

837 Marked "In Haste" 20

BY DANTE ROSSETTI

329 Poems 20

BY MRS. ROWSON

159 Charlotte Temple 10

BY JOHN RUSKIN

497 Sesame and Lilies 10
505 Crown of Wild Olives 10
510 Ethics of the Dust 10
516 Queen of the Air 10
521 Seven Lamps of Architecture 20
537 Lectures on Architecture and Painting 15
542 Stones of Venice, 3 Vols., each 25
565 Modern Painters, Vol. I. 20
572 " " Vol. II. 20
577 " " Vol. III. 20
589 " " Vol. IV. 25
608 " " Vol. V. 25
598 King of the Golden River 10
623 Unto this Last 10
627 Munera Pulveris 15
637 "A Joy Forever" 15
639 The Pleasures of England 10
642 The Two Paths 20
644 Lectures on Art 15
677 Aratra Pentelici 15
650 Time and Tide 15
665 Mornings in Florence 15
668 St. Mark's Rest 15
670 Deucalion 15
673 Art of England 15
676 Eagle's Nest 15
679 "Our Fathers Have Told Us" 15
682 Proserpina 15
685 Val d'Arno 15
688 Love's Meinie 15
707 Fors Clavigera, Part I. 30
708 " " Part II. 30
713 " " Part III. 30
714 " " Part IV. 30

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL

123 A Sea Queen 20
399 John Holdsworth 20
833 A Voyage to the Cape 20
834 Jack's Courtship 20
835 A Sailor's Sweetheart 20
836 On the Fo'k'sle Head 20
997 The Golden Hope 20

BY DORA RUSSELL

816 The Broken Seal 20

BY GEORGE SAND

135 The Tower of Percemont 20
965 The Lilies of Florence 20

BY MRS. W. A. SAVILLE

27 Social Etiquette 15

BY J. X. B. SAINTINE

710 Picciola 10

BY J. C. F. VON SCHILLER

341 Schiller's Poems 20

BY MICHAEL SCOTT

171 Tom Cringle's Log 20

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

145 Ivanhoe, 2 Parts, each 15
359 Lady of the Lake, with Notes 20
489 Bride of Lammermoor 20
490 Black Dwarf 10
492 Castle Dangerous 15
493 Legend of Montrose 15
495 The Surgeon's Daughter 10
499 Heart of Mid-Lothian 30
502 Waverley 20
504 Fortunes of Nigel 20
509 Peveril of the Peak 30
515 The Pirate 20
536 Poetical Works 40
544 Redgauntlet 25
551 Woodstock 20
557 Count Robert of Paris 20
569 The Abbot 20
575 Quentin Durward 20
581 The Talisman 20
586 St. Ronan's Well 20
595 Anne of Geierstein 20
605 Aunt Margaret's Mirror 10
607 Chronicles of the Canongate 15
609 The Monastery 20
620 Guy Mannering 20
625 Kenilworth 25
629 The Antiquary 20
632 Rob Roy 20
635 The Betrothed 20
638 Fair Maid of Perth 20
641 Old Mortality 20

BY EUGENE SCRIBE

22 Fleurette 20

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP

334 Life of Burns 10

BY MARY W. SHELLEY

5 Frankenstein 10

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

549 Complete Poetical Works 30

BY S. SHELLEY

191 The Nautz Family 20

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

640 The Partisan 30
648 Mellichampe 30
653 The Yemassee 30
657 Katherine Walton 30
662 Southward Ho! 30
671 The Scout 30
674 The Wigwam and Cabin 30
677 Vasconselos 30
680 Confession 30
684 Woodcraft 30
687 Richard Hurdis 30
690 Guy Rivers 30
693 Border Beagles 30
697 The Forayers 30
702 Charlemont 30
703 Eutaw 30
705 Beauchampe 30

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE

832 Sir Percival.....10

BY J. P. SIMPSON

125 Haunted Hearts 10

BY EDITH SIMCOX

513 Men, Women, and Lovers..... 20

BY A. P. SINNETT

924 Karma..... 20

BY HAWLEY SMART

780 Bad to Beat 10

BY SAMUEL SMILES

425 Self-Help.....25

BY A. SMITH

594 A Summer in Skye.....20

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

110 False Hopes.....15
424 Life of Cowper 10

BY J. GREGORY SMITH

65 Selma.....15

BY S. M. SMUCKER

248 Life of Webster, 2 Parts, each... ..15

BY F. SPIELHAGEN

449 Quisiana 20

BY LESLIE STEPHEN

396 Life of Pope..... 10
401 Life of Johnson..... ...10

BY STARKWEATHER AND WILSON

461 Socialism.....10

BY STEPNIAK

173 Underground Russia.....20

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

767 Kidnapped..... 20
768 Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 10
769 Prince Otto.....10
770 The Dynamiter.....20
793 New Arabian Nights. 20
819 Treasure Island... 20
921 The Merry Men.....20

BY HESBA STRETTON

729 In Prison and Out.....20

BY EUGENE SUE

772 Mysteries of Paris, 2 Parts, each ...20
776 The Wandering Jew, 2 Parts, each .20

BY DEAN SWIFT

68 Gulliver's Travels.....20

BY CHAS. ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

412 Poems 20

BY J. A. SYMONDS

361 Life of Shelley 10

BY H. A. TAINE

442 Taine's English Literature 40

BY NIKOLAI G. TCHERNUISHCOSKY

1017 A Vital Question.....30

BY LORD TENNYSON

446 Poems 40

BY W. M. THACKERAY

141 Henry Esmond..... 20
143 Denis Duval..... 20
148 Catherine... 10
156 Lovel, the Widower.....10
164 Barry Lyndon..... 20
172 Vanity Fair.... 30
193 History of Pendennis, 2 Parts, each..20
211 The Newcomes, 2 Parts, each.....20
220 Book of Snobs.....10
229 Paris Sketches.....20
235 Adventures of Philip, 2 Parts, each..15
238 The Virginians, 2 Parts, each.....20
252 Critical Reviews, etc.....10
256 Eastern Sketches..... 10
262 Fatal Boots, etc.....10
264 The Four Georges.....10
280 Fitzboodle Papers, etc.....10
283 Roundabout Papers.....20
285 A Legend of the Rhine, etc.....10
286 Cox's Diary, etc.....10
292 Irish Sketches, etc.....20
296 Men's Wives.....10
300 Novels by Eminent Hands.....10
303 Character Sketches, etc 10
304 Christmas Books..... 20
306 Ballads.....15
307 Yellowplush Papers 10
309 Sketches and Travels in London....10
313 English Humorists.....15
316 Great Hoggarty Diamond.....10
320 The Rose and the Ring.....10

BY JUDGE D. P. THOMPSON

21 The Green Mountain Boys.....20

BY THEODORE TILTON

94 Tempest Tossed, Part I.....20
94 Tempest Tossed, Part II. 20

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

133 Mr. Scarborough's Family, 2 Parts, each ... .15
251 Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.20
344 Life of Thackeray 10
367 An Old Man's Love 15

BY F. A. TUPPER

895 Moonshine 20

BY J. VAN LENNEP

468 The Count of Talavera 20

BY VIRGIL

540 Poems 25

BY JULES VERNE

34 800 Leagues on the Amazon.... ...10
35 The Cryptogram 10
154 Tour of the World in Eighty Days..20
166 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea 20
185 The Mysterious Island, 3 Parts, each.15

BY QUEEN VICTORIA

355 More Leaves from a Life in the Highlands 15

BY L. B. WALFORD.

1055 Mr. Smith.....20
1056 The History of a Week.....10
1057 The Baby's Grandmother.....20
1058 Troublesome Daughter.....20
1059 Cousins.....20

BY GEORGE WALKER

13 The Three Spaniards.....20

BY PROF. A. W. WARD

413 Life of Chaucer.....10

BY F. WARDEN

757 Doris' Fortune.....10
980 At the World's Mercy.....10
981 The House on the Marsh.....20
982 Deldee.....20
983 A Prince of Darkness.....20

BY SAMUEL WARREN

935 Ten Thousand a Year, Part I.....20
" " " Part II.....20
" " " Part III.....20

BY DESHLER WELCH

427 Life of Grover Cleveland.....20

BY E. WERNER

614 At a High Price.....20
734 Vineta.....20

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD

54 East Lynne.....20
902 The Mystery.....20

BY MRS. WHITCHER

194 Widow Bedott Papers.....20

BY J. G. WHITTIER

450 Poems.....20

BY VIOLET WHYTE

963 Her Johnnie.....20

BY W. M. WILLIAMS

80 Science in Short Chapters.....20

BY N. P. WILLIS

352 Poems.....20

BY C. F. WINGATE

830 Twilight Club Tracts.....20

BY EDMUND YATES

723 Running the Gauntlet.....20
724 Broken to Harness.....20

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

858 A Modern Telemachus.....20
899 Love and Life.....20

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG

666 Barbara's Rival.....20
691 A Woman's Honor.....20

MISCELLANEOUS

26 Life of Washington.....20
37 Paul and Virginia.....10
47 Baron Munchausen.....10
63 The Vendetta, by Balzac.....20
66 Margaret and her Bridesmaids.....20
72 Queen of the County.....20
98 The Gypsy Queen.....20
118 A New Lease of Life.....20
169 Beyond the Sunrise.....20
181 Whist, or Bumblepuppy?.....10
360 Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism.....15
265 Plutarch's Lives, 5 Parts, each.....20
291 Famous Funny Fellows.....20
323 Life of Paul Jones.....20
332 Every-Day Cook-Book.....20
340 Clayton's Rangers.....20
385 Swiss Family Robinson.....20
386 Childhood of the World.....10
397 Arabian Nights' Entertainments.....25
402 How He Reached the White House.25
433 Wrecks in the Sea of Life.....20
434 Typhaines Abbey.....25
483 The Child Hunters.....15
857 A Wilful Young Woman.....20
966 The Story of Our Mess.....20
967 The Three Bummers.....20
1019 Soeur Louise.....20

Any number in the above list can generally be obtained from all booksellers and newsdealers, or when it cannot be so obtained, will be sent, *free by mail*, on receipt of price by the publishers.

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

P. O. Box 1992. 14 AND 16 VESEY ST., NEW YORK.

Tid-Bits

The most widely quoted Humorous Paper.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

EVERY ONE KNOWS THAT NO BRIGHTER FUN FINDS ITS WAY INTO PRINT THAN THAT WHICH IS TO BE SEEN IN ALL NEWSPAPERS, CREDITED TO TID-BITS.

EVERY ONE (WITH ONE EXCEPTION) KNOWS THAT TID-BITS IS EQUAL TO THE BEST OF THESE SAMPLES OF ITSELF; AND THAT IT IS CLEVER, BRIGHT AND WHOLESOMELY, GENUINELY HUMOROUS FROM BEGINNING TO END.

IF THE READER BE THAT EXCEPTION HE WILL DO HIMSELF A FAVOR IF HE INVEST FIVE CENTS IN A COPY OF THE PAPER, ANY WEEK; OR IF HE INVEST ONE CENT IN A POSTAL CARD, ON RECEIPT OF WHICH THE PUBLISHERS WILL MAIL A SAMPLE COPY.

With its handsome typography,

COPIOUS ILLUSTRATION

and lively wit, at FIVE CENTS

TID-BITS is the Cheapest Weekly Published.

TID-BITS PUBLISHING CO., Publishers,

14 Vesey Street, New York.

LOVELL'S HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY.

This admirable series of Popular Books is printed on heavier and larger paper than other cheap series, and is substantially bound in an attractive cover.

The following are the earlier issues. The best works of new fiction will be added as rapidly as they appear.

1 A Wicked Girl, by M. C. Hay.....25
2 The Moonstone, by Collins.....25
3 Moths, by Ouida.....25
4 Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll, by R. L. Stevenson; and Faust 25
5 Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa, by Geo. W. Peck.....25
6 Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Bronté 25
7 Peck's Sunshine, by Geo. W. Peck..25
8 Adam Bede, by George Eliot.....25
9 Bill Nye and Boomerang, by Bill Nye Himself 25
10 What Will the World Say ?.....25
11 Lime Kiln Club, by M Quad.....25
12 She, by H. Rider Haggard.....25
13 Dora Thorne, by B. M. Clay.....25
14 File No. 113, by E. Gaboriau.....25
15 Phyllis, by The Duchess.....25
16 Lady Valworth's Diamonds, and The Haunted Chamber, by The Duchess.25
17 A House Party, and A Rainy June, by Ouida.....25
18 Set in Diamonds, by B. M. Clay.....25
19 Her Mother's Sin, by B. M. Clay....25
20 Other People's Money, by Gaboriau.25
21 Airy Fairy Lilian, by The Duchess..25
22 In Peril of His Life, by Gaboriau....25
23 The Old Mam'selle's Secret, by E. A. Marlitt.....25
24 The Guilty River and The New Magdalen, by Wilkie Collins..... .25
25 John Halifax, by Miss Mulock.....25
26 Marjorie, by B. M. Clay.....25
27 Lady Audley's Secret, by Braddon..25
28 Peck's Fun, by George W. Peck.....25
29 Thorns and Orange Blossoms, by B. M. Clay..... 25
30 East Lynne, by Mrs. Wood.....25
31 King Solomon's Mines, by Haggard..25
32 The Witch's Head, by Haggard.....25
33 The Master Passion, by Marryat....25
34 Jess, by H. Rider Haggard.. 25
35 Molly Bawn, by The Duchess.....25
36 Fair Women, by Mrs. Forrester....25
37 The Merry Men, by Stevenson.....25
38 Old Myddleton's Money, by Hay....25
39 Mrs. Geoffrey, by The Duchess.....25
40 Hypatia, by Rev. Charles Kingsley..25
41 What Would You Do Love?..... 25
42 Eli Perkins, Wit, Humor, and Pathos.....25
43 Heart and Science, by Collins.....25
44 Baled Hay, by Bill Nye.....25
45 Harry Lorrequer, by Lever.....25
46 Called Back and Dark Days, by Hugh Conway 25
47 Endymion, by Benjamin Disraeli....25
48 Claribel's Love Story, by B. M. Clay.25
49 Forty Liars, by Bill Nye.....25
50 Dawn, by H. Rider Haggard..... 25
51 Shadow of a Sin, and Wedded and Parted, by B. M. Clay..... 25
52 Wee Wifie, by Rosa N. Carey.....25
53 The Dead Secret, by Collins.....25
54 Count of Monte Cristo, by Dumas...50
55 The Wandering Jew, by Sue.....50
56 The Mysteries of Paris, by Sue.....50
57 Middlemarch, by George Eliot.....50
58 Scottish Chiefs, by Jane Porter.....50
59 Under Two Flags, by Ouida. 50
60 David Copperfield, by Dickens 50
61 Monsieur Lecoq, by Gaboriau.....50
62 Springhaven, by R. D. Blackmore...25
63 Speeches of Henry Ward Beecher on the War,..... 50
64 A Tramp Actor.....25
65 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, by Jules Verne.....25
66 Tour of the World in 80 Days, by Jules Verne.....25
67 The Golden Hope, by Russell..... 25
68 Oliver Twist, by Dickens.....25
69 Lovell's Whim, by Shirley Smith....25
70 Allan Quatermain, by Haggard.. .25

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

14 AND 16 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

954 Out of his Reckoning, by Marryat.10
955 Cradock Nowell, by Blackmore, P't I.20
Cradock Nowell, by R. D. Blackmore, P't II.....20
956 The Woodlanders, by Hardy.....20
957 The Dead Secret, by Wilkie Collins.20
958 Sabina Zembra, by William Black..20
959 Wee Wifie, by R. N. Carey... 20
960 Wooed and Married, by Carey.....20
961 Springhaven, by R. D. Blackmore..20
962 Knight-Errant, by Edna Lyall.....20
963 Her Johnnie, by Violet Whyte.....20
964 Far from the Madding Crowd, by Thomas Hardy 20
965 The Lilies of Florence, by G. Sand.20
966 The Story of Our Mess, *Tribune Prize War Stories*.....20
967 The Three Bummers, *Tribune Prize War Stories* 20
968 Bound by a Spell, by Hugh Conway.20
969 A Woman's War, by B. M. Clay....20
970 Against her Will, by A. M. Howard.20
971 Nora's Love Test, by Mary C. Hay.20
972 The Squire's Legacy, by M. C. Hay.20
973 Dorothy's Venture, by M. C. Hay..20
974 My First Offer, by Mary Cecil Hay.10
975 Back to the Old Home, by M.C.Hay.10
976 For Her Dear Sake, by M. C. Hay..20
977 Hidden Perils, by Mary Cecil Hay..20
978 Victor and Vanquished, by Hay...20
979 Her World Against a Lie, by Florence Marryat.....20
980 At the World's Mercy, F. Warden.10
981 The House on the Marsh, by F. Warden.....20
982 Deldee, by F. Warden.....20
983 A Prince of Darkness, by Warden.20
984 'Twixt Smile and Tear, by Clay....20
985 Lady Diana's Pride, by B. M. Clay.20
986 Belle of Lynn, by Bertha M. Clay..20
987 Romance of a Poor Young Man, by Octave Feuillet.....10
988 Marjorie's Fate, by Bertha M. Clay.20
989 Sweet Cymbeline, by B. M. Clay....20
990 Open Sesame, by Florence Marryat.20
991 Mad Dumaresq, by F. Marryat....20
992 Camille, by Alexandre Dumas, Jr..10
993 The Child Wife, by A. M. Howard.10
994 Lucy Crofton, by Mrs. Oliphant....10
995 Which Shall it Be? by Mrs. Alexander.....20
996 The Queen of Hearts, by Collins...20
997 The Golden Hope, by W. C. Russell.20
998 Beau Tancrede, by Alex. Dumas..20
999 Fighting the Air, by F. Marryat...20

In Press:

1000 Frederick the Great and his Court, by Louisa Mühlbach.....30
1001 Frankley, by Henri Greville.....20
1002 To Call Her Mine, by W. Besant.20
1003 The Haunted Hotel, by W. Collins.10
1004 This Man's Wife, by G. M. Fenn..20
1005 Next of Kin Wanted, by M. Betham-Edwards.....20
1006 A Daughter of the People, by Georgiana M. Craik.....20
1007 Redeemed by Love, by B. M. Clay.20
1008 Marrying and Giving in Marriage, by Mrs. Molesworth.....10
1009 The Great Hesper, by F. Barrett..20
1010 Mrs. Gregory, by Agnes Ray.....20
1011 Pirates of the Prairies, by Aimard.10
1012 The Squire's Darling, by Clay... 10
1013 The Mystery of Colde Fell, by Bertha M. Clay.....20
1014 The Daughter of an Empress, by Louisa Mühlbach.....30
1015 Pemberton, by Henry Peterson...30
1016 Taras Bulba, by Nikolai V. Gogol..20
1017 A Vital Question, by Nikolai G. Tchernuishevsky.....30
1018 The Condemned Door, by F. du Boisgobey.....20
1019 Soeur Louise (Louise de Bruneval)20
1020 Allan Quatermain, by Haggard...20
1021 The Trapper's Daughter, by Gustave Aimard.....10
1022 Good-Bye Sweetheart, by Rhoda Broughton 20
1023 Red as a Rose is She, by Rhoda Broughton.....20
1024 Cometh up as a Flower, by Rhoda Broughton 20
1025 Not Wisely, But Too Well, by Rhoda Broughton.....20
1026 Nancy, by Rhoda Broughton.....20
1027 Joan, by Rhoda Broughton.....20
1028 A Near Relation, by Coleridge.....20
1029 Brenda Yorke, by Mary Cecil Hay.10
1030 On Her Wedding Morn, by Bertha M. Clay.....10
1031 The Shattered Idol, by B. M. Clay.10
1032 The Tiger Slayer, by G. Aimard..10
1033 Letty Leigh, by Bertha M. Clay...10
1034 Mary Anerley, by R. D. Blackmore.20
1035 Alice Lorraine, by R.D.Blackmore.20
1036 Christowell, by R. D. Blackmore..20
1037 Clara Vaughan, by Blackmore....20
1038 Cripps the Carrier, by Blackmore.20
1039 Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, by R. D. Blackmore...20
1040 Erema; or, My Father's Sin, by R. D. Blackmore 20
1041 The Mystery of the Holly Tree, by Bertha M. Clay 10
1042 The Earl's Error, by B. M. Clay..10
1043 Arnold's Promise, by B. M. Clay..10
1044 Forging the Fetters, by Mrs. Alexander.....10
1045 The Trappers of Arkansas, by Gustave Aimard.....10

Dealers can always obtain complete Catalogues with imprint, for free distribution, on application to the Publishers,

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,
14 & 16 Vesey Street, New York.

THE WISE WOMEN OF INVERNESS

A Tale

BY

WILLIAM BLACK

AUTHOR OF "MACLEOD OF DARE," "JUDITH SHAKESPEARE," "WHITE WINGS," "PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY

14 AND 16 VESEY STREET

PZ3
.B565Wis

WILLIAM BLACK'S WORKS

CONTAINED IN LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

NO.		PRICE.
40	An Adventure in Thule, etc.,	10c.
48	A Princess of Thule,	20c.
82	A Daughter of Heth,	20c.
85	Shandon Bells,	20c.
93	Macleod of Dare,	20c.
136	Yolande,	20c.
142	Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,	20c.
146	White Wings,	20c.
153	Sunrise, 2 parts, each	15c.
178	Madcap Violet,	20c.
180	Kilmeny,	20c.
182	That Beautiful Wretch,	20c.
184	Green Pastures, etc.,	20c.
188	In Silk Attire,	20c.
213	The Three Feathers,	20c.
216	Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart,	10c.
217	The Four MacNicols,	10c.
218	Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P.,	10c.
225	Oliver Goldsmith,	10c.
232	Monarch of Mincing Lane,	20c.
456	Judith Shakespeare,	20c.
584	Wise Women of Inverness,	10c.
678	White Heather,	20c.
958	Sabina Zembra,	20c.

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

THE

WISE WOMEN OF INVERNESS

CHAPTER I.

AT FASSLIE FARM.

Deep and heavy the long-swelling surge of the North Sea thundered along the Cromarty shore; and high and shrill above that reverberating plunge sang and whistled and shrieked a strenuous wind, sweeping inland from the wide waste of waters; but nevertheless there was not a cloud in the clear night sky; the world was filled with a lambent white moonlight; and far across the silver-touched waves there was visible the dusky outline of the opposite coast, by Fort George, and Nairn, and Findhorn, and Burghead.

In a small and dimly lit room in a farm-house built high over that wild sea, an old—or, rather, elderly—man was seated in front of a massive iron chest, the top of which he was carefully scraping with some kind of iron instrument. He was a man short of stature, but of powerful build; his face hard set and tanned and furrowed with wind and sun and rain; his hair almost white, and white also the bushy eyebrows set over a pair of remarkably penetrating gray eyes. This man was Robert Graham, the tenant of an extensive sheep farm; and the huge iron coffer before him, from which he was diligently scraping the last traces of whatever paint might still be visible, had been at one time the military chest of the garrison of Fort Augustus, from whence it had been allowed to fall into private hands when the fort was dismantled. But it was not the contents of this massive chest that seemed to concern the farmer; it was the few remaining touches of green

paint here and there; and to aid him in the searching removal of these he had placed a solitary candle beside him, though, indeed, as the coffer stood in the window-recess, there was almost enough light coming in from the moonlit world without to enable him to prosecute his task.

Now so still and hushed was this little room that, in spite of all the wild roar of the wind and sea outside, the scratching of the iron point was quite audible; and not only that, but also certain low mutterings with which from time to time the old man gave expression to such fancies as crossed his brain. But these were broken and detached, for sometimes he relapsed into silence, and so it will be more convenient to put them down here consecutively and in as plain language as possible.

"I am not more superstitious than most; but it's better to be on the safe side. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; but He has permitted strange things to be in the world, and maybe they have grown stronger than He intended, and can do more harm now. It's better to be friendly with both sides; and if there was a Sith-bruth* on Fasslie, it's not a man or boy on the place would I allow to cut a twig or lift a stone there. It's live and let live; and if the little people bide in these knolls, it's not I that would be for disturbing them; even if they cannot harm a man, as some say, maybe they can harm a sheep—ay, or a score of sheep. . . And were there no Grahams, now, among the soldiers of Fort Augustus that they allowed this chest to be painted green? Is there a Graham alive that does not know what color it is that is fatal to every one of the name—ay, when it is even a common story that never was a Graham shot in battle but it was found the bullet had gone through the green check of the tartan? And twice and three times I stopped bidding for it; until I said to myself: What has been put on can be taken off, and what the knife will not finish the turpentine will finish; and where can the ill-luck come from then? The five great locks, and tricks, and contrivances to outwit a regiment; what prying eyes or fingers will get to know about my business when I have everything shut up here? Alison may think what she likes; the lass has grown saucy of late;

---

*Sith-bruth—A fairies' dwelling; generally a rocky mound, under which the fairies are supposed to live.

but this is no kind of cupboard or desk that she can try with her keys when I am up on the hill. No, no, lass; what I have toiled and moiled for, that I mean to keep; and there will be no need to trust a bank in Inverness when I have a safeguard like this iron chest. . . . But not a spot or streak of green—not a spot or streak. Who can tell where the ill-luck comes from? Sometimes it strikes at your blood and marrow; sometimes it's a bad lambing season; sometimes it's a bank that breaks. But I do my best to keep well with both sides; the minister has no fault to find with me; and if there are things that are stronger for good-luck or ill-luck I do my best—ay, even to keep from naming them. Maybe that was why I got the warning that Jean Gillespie was to die—three taps on the window just half an hour before, and none hearing them but myself. And the corpse-lights on Drumsinnon Moor—it's I would have ridden along with the factor into the bog but for the lights—and I cried to him—but the cry he sent back was the cry of a drowning man. But there are some that have seen more than that, and have heard more than that; and it's well to be friends with them that can hurt—whether they are below ground or above; ay, its better to say nothing, lest they should hear evil spoken of them, and work mischief among the lambs, or bring lightning about the house, as I have heard tell. Not since I was a senseless lad have I shot a single hare—just in case there might be a mistake, and a witch or a warlock spring up from the ground; it's better to be on the safe side."

For the moment he seemed to have done with his scraping and polishing; at all events, he laid aside the knife and chisel he had been using, and proceeded to open the chest. But this was a serious undertaking, for not only had the big key to turn five locks at once, but also there were bars and levers to be raised simultaneously, demanding the exercise of a good deal of strength. Eventually, however, the heavy lid yielded. He took both his hands to raise it, and no doubt the next minute it would have been resting against the wall or the window-sill but that there was a sudden interruption that startled him. There was a brief, sharp tapping, and the door of the room was thrown open. At the same time the roar of the sea and the wind that seemed to fill the house rushed into the little apartment, and a cold air made the candle flame flicker. Robert Graham had not been expecting any such

unceremonious visitor. He wheeled round in his chair; the lid of the chest slipped from his hand and shut with an alarming noise —all the five locks and levers clanging at once; and then he found standing before him the stranger who had made this sudden entrance.

And yet this was neither ghost nor wizard that confronted him. On the contrary, the new-comer was a good-looking young fellow of six-and-twenty or so, with frank eyes, close-cropped raven-black hair, and an expression of features that in ordinary circumstances might have been pleasant and friendly enough, but was now somewhat embarrassed by uncertainty. Obviously he was a sailor, but the smartness of his costume showed that he was not an ordinary hand. In point of fact, he was mate of a trading schooner then lying at Nairn; his name, Alec Jameson.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Graham," he began, with some hesitation.

"But ye do interrupt me," the other said sharply; and he scowled at the younger man from under the bushy white eyebrows. "Ye do interrupt me. Think ye I have naething to do wi' my time? I'm not a gentleman that can loiter about wi' my hands in my pockets, hindering other folk and coming where he's not wanted. Ma certes, there's some that canna take a hint to leave until they feel a horsewhip curling round their calves."

There was a flash of fire in the young sailor's eye, but he strove to remain calm and even courteous.

"If it's me you mean, Mr. Graham," said he quietly, "you may rest content that there's not a man in this country-side will lay either hand or horsewhip on me. But let that pass——"

"What do ye want?" the old farmer said, abruptly. "Time's money."

"Well, I'm off for Inverness to-morrow morning——"

"Ye're welcome."

But Jameson seemed determined to be civil, if that were possible.

"And Alison," he continued, "was asking if you and I cannot manage to part a little better friends. The lass is sorry—and no wonder—and if there's anything that I have done, if there's anything wrong that can be put right——"

"Let Alison mind her own business," was the instant rejoinder,

"and I can mind mine; and, what's more, neither Alison's business nor my business is any o' yours. So you're welcome to set off for Inverness as soon as ever ye like."

"I did not wish to go without holding out my hand and seeing if we cannot come to more peaceable terms," the young sailor said. "It's a fair offer, anyway. It must be a hard thing for a young lass to be in a position like that, troubling herself that the only friends she has should be separated by a quarrel. And a quarrel about what? for I'm sure it's not me that knows."

"Alison wants no friends but her own kith and kin; that's enough for her;" the old man said. "Why should she take up wi' strangers? What is she to gain by that? Ay, it's not her gain, it's theirs that's in question. Ay, ay, the old man may be an old man, and still see clear enough. It's young eyes that are dazzled; it's young brains that are made a fool of; and a silly crayture of a lass will believe any smooth-spoken idle fellow that comes hanging about her and speaking her fair. But I'll have none o' that in this house, young man; so you've fair warning in time. Alison was left in my charge, and in my charge she'll bide. I'm for no interlopers here. I'm for people minding their own business. In trouble is she? and what's that to you? A pretty pack of nonsense!"

"Well, yes, Mr. Graham," the younger man said, civilly, "Alison is in your charge at present, but she might not be always."

The deep-set gray eyes darted an evil glance at him, but he did not seem to notice that.

"You know what both her and me have been looking forward to," he continued, in the most pacific tone of voice, "and I am sure it would be better for every one if there was a more friendly feeling about it. And what is the objection? If she leaves the farm there's many another you could get to keep the house——"

"And it's you that comes in to tell me what I maun do!" the old man said, glaring at him. "It's you that comes to me wi' advice? Let me tell ye, my lad, that I'm quite capable o' looking after my own affairs, as ye'll find out if ye daur to meddle wi' them. Ay, or wi' Alison's either. A clean pair o' heels; that's the best thing for you; and if Fasslie never sees ye again Fasslie will be none the worse."

There was sufficient discourtesy in the words; there was more

in the tone in which they were uttered; and the younger man, though he strove to keep cool, began to lose that timid look of appeal that had been in his eyes.

"Well, it's a pity," he said. "Hard words will not mend matters; and I had wished to leave Alison in happier spirits——"

"The leaving her is the best thing ye can do, and the sooner the better. Have I not bid ye never darken my door again? God bless me, is a man not to have peace and quietness in his own house?" the old man cried, angrily.

"As to that, I am not so sure that it is your own house," the young sailor said, quietly—but his face had gradually been becoming firmer and firmer. "But I am not a lawyer. It was Alison's father's house, I know; and I dare say he did not leave her without her share in it. But this I'm quite sure of, as long as Alison is in it, and as long as she is willing I should come to see her, I'm not going to ask anybody else's leave. I don't want to quarrel, Mr. Graham. I don't want to make matters worse. Indeed, I thought I might come to some kind of friendly understanding—if not for our own sakes, at least for Alison's. The lass is sore put about; and why need that be? Why should she be in trouble, when there's no cause for it? I'm not asking her to marry to-morrow or the next day; it would be when it was most convenient for her and for you."

Jameson spoke fairly and temperately, and also with a touch of hope—or, at least, of appeal—in his look; but the unlucky reference to the ownership of the house had caused the farmer's eyes to gleam with wrath, and now his voice, when he spoke, was hardly under his control, so fiercely angry was he.

"And how daur ye, sir; how daur ye come here to speak to me about Alison or any other in this house? What concern have ye as to whether my niece is well or ill? Ay, I will tell ye what your interest is; well I know that, my fine fellow, that can go about the country like a gentleman, while other folk have to work and earn their living! Alison?—it's not Alison, but Alison's gear you're after. And ye think that a decently brought up girl like that will consort with an idle wastrel and gangrel, with a sailor chap, that has a wife in every port he sails to? Get out of this house, sir; that is my answer. What, do ye think the lass is blind? Ye come after her wi' your flattering and fawning; but is

she blind? Doesna she see that it's her share, her small share, in the farm that you're after, that her father left her, and that I have tended as it was my own? And where would it be in a year—in a week—if you had it to scatter? But she's not blind; she's not blind; you'll go the way ye came, and empty-handed as ye came!"

He paused, for fair lack of breath; but meanwhile the face of the younger man had grown darker.

"Alison knows better," said he, and as if it were safer to say no more.

"Alison!" the old man said, with his voiced now roused to passion pitch. "I'll have her know—ay, and you, too—who is the master in this house. I'm for no gangrels and wastrels skulking about my premises—if there's a shotgun or a horsewhip handy. A fine thing, to make a fool of a silly idiot of a lass, that doesna ken the difference between an honest man and a thief—a thief that would get hold of whatever she has, and waste it in his idle courses. But that's no done yet; no, nor while I'm above ground will it be done."

"It's the first time in my life that I have ever been called a thief," Alec Jameson said—and his hands were trembling a little, though he spoke with a kind of forced composure. "Well, I mean to see who is the thief."

"What mean ye, you scoundrel?"

"I mean this—plump and plain will I tell ye what I mean," the younger man said, and it was evident that he had done now with all thoughts of pacification. "I offered to make friends wi' you, for Alison's sake. That's not to be. Well and good. You and I will settle this matter between ourselves now, Mr. Graham; and brag will not do it; and bluster will not do it; and calling names will not do it. Thief! My good man, that is a very ugly word. It's I that want to know who is the thief——"

"Will you leave my house?" the farmer said, springing to his feet.

"No. I will not. And I will not leave this room until I have said my say," was the calm rejoinder, though Jameson's lips were rather pale, and his eyes full of a dangerous fire. "Mind you, Alison will be guided by me—that's one thing you may make sure of; and I'm thinking it's time there was a settlement about her share in the farm that was left her by her father. Where has that

gone to all these years? Not a penny has she had to spend on herself except for clothes, and she's clad like a servant lass; she is but a servant lass, but she gets no wages. Where's her money? Where's her father's will, that she can tell what belongs to her? And you think that everything is to go on as it is, the lass slaving away at keeping the house for you, and never to think of altering her condition, and never to ask questions, but to let you make away with her money from year to year? But there's an end to that now—there's an end; and the lawyers at Inverness will be called in to declare who is the thief."

Rage pure and simple seemed to have paralyzed the old farmer, but only for a few seconds. With a kind of an inarticulate cry of "You scoundrel! you scoundrel!" he sprang forward with uplifted arm, as if threatening to fell his enemy. But Jameson merely held out his open hand palm outward.

"Don't you come near me. I warn you. You're an older man than I am, and I don't want to strike you; but I will allow no man to put a hand on me. I'm going. I've said my say. I wanted to be friends with you—for Alison's sake. Now it's war. And there's them in Inverness will soon be brought to declare which of us two is the thief."

He turned abruptly and left.

"And may the lightning from heaven blast you ere ever you set foot in Inverness streets!" the older man said, scowling helplessly at the now vacant doorway.

He went back to his seat in front of the iron chest, and sat down; he was all shaking with the excitement of his stormy interview; but the anger in his heart, instead of subsiding, grew only the more fierce as he thought of the meaning of the young sailor's threats. He chanced to look out of the window at the heavily rolling sea that was clearly visible for miles and miles in the moonlight.

"Ay," he said to himself, "that is the sailor's grave, wide and deep; that is the thing that comes to you in the end. There are no threats when there's fifty fathoms o' water above ye—and I would to God you were lying there now! The insolent scoundrel!—and he has got this brat to go with him; and the lawyers at Inverness?——"

He arose and began walking up and down the small apartment,

muttering to himself sometimes, as was his wont, and sometimes standing still to look out on the far stretch of wind-driven, moon-lit sea.

"There's them that can't hurt," he was saying to himself, "and if all the stories be true, sometimes you can get them on your side, and they'll work for you a mischief on your enemies as easily as anything else. I've heard of ships being struck by lightning coming out of a clear sky; how was that but by some interference? But he's not on the sea, nor will be for awhile yet, I suppose; the grave is waiting him there—wide and deep, wide and deep; but it may be a long time yet."

He turned to the open door, as if fearful that these unspoken desires might be overheard; then he went to the top of the stair and listened; there was no sound but the cry of the wind and the heavier plunge of the sea; then he returned to the room, and shut the door behind him, and resumed his dark meditations.

"The venomous snake, to come creeping into a man's house; but I'll be even with him yet, if I burn the heather for a mile round him. Ay, I have seen them twisting themselves into a ball, and writhing as the circle of fire came closer and closer on them; and that's how I'll have him writhe sooner or later; and then there will be a laugh! Oh, it's very safe you are when you're burning the heather; your on the outside of the ring; it's the adders that are in the middle, and lively enough they are when the flame comes hotter and hotter on them. And that's the flame I would have burning in his heart!"

And then he went back upon the line of thinking that had occupied him when he was scraping the last traces of paint from the lid of the iron chest.

"I have been a careful man, careful not to offend either side; and if they're friendly to me now, as I think they were when the factor rode into the bog, maybe they would help me. Ay, that would be the way to get even with him, instead of waiting for the wide grave there; and maybe, if they would set to work at once, there might be a stop put to his business with the lawyers in Inverness. They say the wise women can manage it, but it's hard to get at them; the fiscal hunts them, and hunts them whenever he gets the chance, and there's scarcely a one left now. But I've heard of them now and again, and I could find out; and if the

unknown people are friendly to me—if they understand that I never took a stick or a stone from a Sith-bruth all the years of my life—then, my friend Jameson, I may be upsides with you; ay, it will not be the lawyers in Inverness you will be thinking of; you will be writing like the snakes when the heather is on fire."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE SHORE.

MEANWHILE the young sailor had quickly recovered his equanimity; as he went down the stair and along the passage to the outer door of the house, he was somewhat ostentatiously whistling—just in case one or other of the lads or lasses might happen to have overheard these high words. And probably in making that final appeal to the old man, he had been moved rather by the wish to please pretty Alison Graham, than by any distinct hope of success; and now he was no worse off than he was before; rather better he was, in truth, for this open declaration of war was preferable to mere shilly-shallying and futile balancing of probabilities. Alison would now know the worst; she would be called upon to choose for herself. And as for the taunt that it was only her money that he was after—well, he would leave that question also to be settled by Alison, and he thought he knew what the answer would be.

And so he left the house—fixing his cap tight in order to face the fierce gusts of wind—and set out along the road leading by the shore. If he was whistling now no one could hear him, for all the night was filled with the rush and roar of that wild, moonlit sea, that came thundering in on the rocks below him; but there seemed no further need to make any such professions of cheerfulness, for apparently he was quite alone in this strangely clear and vivid world. For some little distance, as he walked smartly on, the road followed the windings of the shore, then it struck inland somewhat, skirting a plantation of larch and spruce, and it was at the corner of this wood that Jameson paused and looked around him, uncertain. He had not long to wait. The next moment the figure of a young woman had come quickly and

quietly out from the dusk of the larches into the open moonlight; his sweetheart was clasped in his arms.

"Well, Ailie, lass, it's a wild night to be keeping you outside."

"But what said he, Alec? What said he?" she broke in, with a trembling anxiety in her tone. "Is it all right now, Alec? Have you made friends?"

The young sailor laughed in an embarrassed kind of way, and pushed back the thick tartan shawl which she had thrown over her head and shoulders, so that he could get a better view of the upturned oval face and tender dark blue eyes and rich and abundant chestnut-brown hair. He seemed in no hurry to begin his story. Those eyes were pretty to look at, despite their eager questioning, and her brown hair that he had brought about her cheeks was soft to the touch.

"Tell me, Alec, is it good news you have?" she pleaded, for that short laugh of his sounded rather ominous.

"Faith, Ailie, lass, the news is none of the best," said he, though he spoke quite cheerfully, and petted and caressed her at the same time. "But it's nothing to be downhearted about, not a bit, my brave lassie. He cannot blame you for what has happened, anyway, and you'll be no worse off at the farm than before."

"But what has happened then, Alec?" she said, with her troubled eyes fixed intently on him.

"What has happened? Well, the fat's in the fire this time, and no mistake, and that's about what has happened, Ailie, darling," said he, rather ruefully, and yet with no deep chagrin, for he wished to make light of the whole matter. "Oh! there's to be no more beating about the bush, I warrant ye; your uncle and I have come to a plain understanding at last."

"You've quarrelled—worse than ever!" she cried.

"Well," said he, and he took the pretty oval face in his two hands, "and what is there to be frightened at? Why should your pretty eyes look so troubled all about nothing?"

"And you said you would be patient—you said you would be patient for my sake," she said, reproachfully.

"And I was," he answered. "I was indeed. Patient? Yes, as long as might be. Well, I'll tell you the truth, Ailie. I did what I could at the beginning. I tried to be as friendly as ever I could speak, though I would not have taken what he said to me

from any other man, for I kept thinking of you, Ailie, and of your life at the farm; and, says I to myself, hard words don't break bones, and it's all for Ailie's sake! Then there came something that I could not stand."

He paused, seemingly reluctant to go on.

"What was it, Alec?"

He regarded her in silence for a second or so, pretending to scan her face curiously.

"But if I put such things into your head, my darling, maybe you'd think them true!"

"What things?"

"Supposing you were to hear it said that it was not you that I wanted, but your money, your share of the farm and the house?"

He affected to retreat from her a little bit; and, in fact, withdrew his hands from her shoulders.

"And if you told me so yourself I would not believe you," said she, simply.

"But are you sure now, Ailie? Maybe it's true. If you were to be told that I was an idle wastrel and vagabond, with a wife in every port the Princess Mary sails to; and that I only wanted to get hold of your money to scatter and spend it and to leave you when it was done, I dare say—supposing you were to hear that said of me?"

There was a proud smile on her face; she did not answer.

"Look here, Ailie," he continued. "Just consider. Maybe they're no so far wrong. Here am I with an offer from the owners of the Princess Mary that they'll make me skipper as soon as I can raise enough money to buy a fifth share. It's a terrible temptation for a man. And then there's a young lass at Fasslie that ought to be well off if she had all that belongs to her; and I come courting that young lass and telling her she's the prettiest lass in the north of Scotland—only that's no lie, for her looking-glass can tell her as much any day in the week—and pretending that it's her I'm after, when it's the captain's cabin in the Princess Mary I'm after——"

"And you would have the money to-morrow morning, Alec, if I had it to give you," said she—which was a quite illogical climax to these speculations of his.

"But wait a minute, Ailie," he said, "for this you'll never

guess. I go to see the uncle of the young lass, to make peace with him and win him over; but he'll no hear of anything of the kind, and what is all the quarrel about? Why, it's about the young lass's property, and her share in this and that, and what the lawyers in Inverness would have to say. Money, money, money is the whole cry. Very well, and yet you say you would not believe that of me!"

"And maybe it's not the first time I have heard such things hinted," said she with a smile; and, indeed, if he remained at a little distance and affected to scrutinize her, the look that she bestowed on him in return had not much of doubt or distrust in it. "Oh, yes; and many's the time I have been glad to think that something would be coming to me if my uncle would only make up the accounts. For, if we were to marry Alec——"

"If we were to marry?" he cried, and he came nearer her again and took hold of her by the two shoulders.

"Well, when we marry?" she said, with downcast eyes, "it will be something to start the house with, wherever we choose to live. Oh, yes, and the share in the ship, too, if it is possible. Do you think you would be five minutes without that if I had the money in my hand? Would it not be for my good as well as for yours, my dear?"

"Yes, yes," said he, "for there's the captain's cabin, Ailie, and you could come a voyage with me now and again, and I would introduce you to my other wives in the different places."

"I am not afraid of that," she said.

"Well, now, Ailie," said he, speaking more seriously, "when that was cast in my teeth—that it was your money I was after—I could not stand that. To be called a thief, too; aye, and who is the thief, says I? Where is the money you have kept back from Alison all these years? What kind of a story will the lawyers have to make out? For it was a stiffish quarrel, Ailie, darling, and that's a fact, and it's all over between him and me for certain, and we've got to make the best of matters as they stand. It's never again shall I be within that house, that's fixed. No, it's you that have to come to me now; I will never be inside that house again."

"Alec, Alec!" she said in a voice of deep entreaty. "Surely it is not so bad as that! I asked you to be patient——"

"Patient, lassie!" he exclaimed. "I tell you I was as patient as man ever was—bless me, I had to warn him back or he would have struck me with his fist. The man's mad, I'm thinking; or else it's this—that he is keeping back even more than we suspect, and that the very mention of lawyers is enough to drive him out of his wits. Well, what's done is done; what we have to do is the next thing. You see, lass, I have no right to interfere in your affairs at all."

"And why not, Alec?" said she. "And if not you, who else then? It's not my uncle I would look to. I think he would be glad if I were dead and out of the way."

"No doubt; that's the very thing that would suit him; but we cannot just oblige him so far as that, lass," Jameson said. "Out of the way, maybe; yes, we may take ye out of the way, or out of his way, rather; but if ye were to be ruled by me—or if it was my business to interfere—he would soon find out that ye were not dead at all, but very much alive."

"What would you have me do, Alec? I have none to look to but you. What is it you want me to do?" said she, with absolute trust in her eyes.

"Leave Fasslie," said he at once, "and come and live with my mother at Nairn for a few weeks. Then we will get married; and then I will have the right to interfere in your affairs—and who else?"

She sighed a little.

"It's a pity," she said, at length. "I thought some friendly arrangement might be made. Why should my uncle be set against it? He will have plenty, even after I go."

"Perhaps there is a little settling up of accounts that might be inconvenient," the young man suggested, dryly; but instantly he added in a tone of vexation, "but how is it that money and money and money seems to fill the whole of this night? No, no, I will not interfere. Somebody else must guide ye, lass. Take advice now; go to some shrewd-witted person, and just tell the truth. Say you have a sweetheart, and you are not sure of him——"

"Alec!" she said, and forthwith the pretty, appealing blue eyes began to fill with tears.

"But it's the way of the world you foolish creature?" he said with pretended anger. "How do you know that your uncle is not right?"

"It is no use your speaking like that—to me," she said proudly. "No, and it is not fair, Alec. And it is not so much time we have together that you should throw it away in speaking nonsense."

"Well, then, will you leave Fasslie?"

For answer she clutched his hand, in affright. Her feminine watchfulness had caught sight of something that he had not noticed at all—the figure of a man along there on the white moonlit road.

"It's my uncle," she said, and instinctively she caught her lover by the arm and drew him further into the dusk of the trees.

But they could still easily make out the dark figure coming along the white road; nay, more; they could observe his every movement. And presently it was apparent that he was searching every nook and cranny along the shore, and they guessed readily enough that he had come out in quest of his niece, having missed her in the house. Jameson and his sweetheart stood perfectly still, behind the screen of young larches and spruce. As for the young man, he was quite aware that the farmer would be in a violent temper, but he did not heed that much. He merely thought that it would be an excellent joke if Alison's uncle were to go by their hiding-place, so that the girl might get home before him. And if he did find her, what more could he do than scold?—and he, Jameson, would take care that the words were not too uncivil.

But the next moment a quick pang of dismay—or of anger, or of both together—shot through his heart. The old man carried a horsewhip! A horsewhip—and for whom? Would he dare to raise it against her—even by way of threat—as he drove her home? All the young man's blood was on fire. A horsewhip—to his Alison!

"Here, lass, come along; I want to see what this means?"

He took her hand and led her out into the road. When the old farmer came along they were standing right before him.

"And it's there ye are, ye limmer, ye hussy—disgracing an honest man's house!" he said, in tones of suppressed rage—but he did not come any nearer, for Jameson had stepped forward. "Home wi' ye—home wi' ye—ye shameless hussy."

The two men were now face to face.

"Another word like that to the lass," the younger man said, "and by the Lord I'll heave you on to the rocks there!"

A timid hand was put on his arm; he shook it off.

"Leave me alone, lass; we're going to settle this thing now and here."

"Settle it?" the old farmer said—and the horsewhip which he held in his hand shook and trembled with the violence of his passion. "And who are you, sir, that daur to come between me and her? I tell you I will have the mastery of her so long as she bides in my house—I will not have the very name of the place disgraced by her wandering about at night wi' a vagabond. Out of the way now—and you, you limmer, home wi' ye, ere the very servants come out to mock ye."

And perhaps he would have gone forward to seize her by the arm and drag her home, but that the young sailor who stood before him did not show the slightest intention of stepping aside. On the contrary, he was very much in the way, and remained so; and there was a kind of sarcasm in his look.

"Yes, it's a fine home for her to go to," said he (for he was not much of a hand at scolding), "and it's a fine guardian you've been to her, just as if she had been your own bairn. Oh, yes; saving up for her and scraping everything together for her, it was just out of kindness, I suppose, that she has scarcely ever had a sixpence to spend on herself. Yes, and selling the pony that her father bought for her; that was to add up, too, I suppose——"

"Alec! Alec!" the girl said, trying to interpose. "And you, uncle, why should there be a quarrel?——"

"Will ye go home—will ye go home, I tell ye?" the old man roared.

"No, she will not go home until it suits her own convenience," Jameson said; and he seemed to grow more and more cool and quiet in his demeanor, the greater the rage of his antagonist became. "It's a nice home you've made it for her since her father died, and it's a pleasant life the lass has had to lead. Well, that's about over now. If it's news to you, you're welcome—Alison is going to leave Fasslie."

"Leave Fasslie!" the other gasped. It seemed, then, there was a conspiracy between these two? They had laid their heads together to dare him—to try to cheat him out of that hoard that he had been so diligently amassing, ever since the management of the farm fell into his hands?

"Uncle, I do not wish to leave Fasslie," Alison pleaded and—

she had been crying a little over this wrangle that seemed so hopeless, and that seemed to bode so much trouble for the future.

"No, nor will ye leave Fasslie with my will, ye graceless hussy!" he cried. "Will ye leave the place ye were born in—and for what? To face the world with an idle vagabond——"

"Vagabond he is not!" she exclaimed, firing up at the word. "And you will do no good with me, uncle, by speaking ill of him——"

"Ailie, lass, what does it matter?" her lover interposed; but she was not to be interrupted; she would have her say out.

"And I did not wish to leave Fasslie; but what else is there now? What can I do but that? There will be no peace——"

"What else is there?" he bellowed, for he was like a madman in his impotent fury—Jameson, standing there facing him and daring him to advance a step. "What else? There's a whip to curl round your shoulders, ye impudent limmer."

"Ay," said Jameson, quickly, "is that it, then?"

Before the farmer could tell what had happened the horsewhip was snatched from his hand, the stick of it snapped in two, and both pieces whirled away through the air—and falling, indeed, on the rocks below them.

"And it's the same for you, if you like, my man," the young sailor said, with his eyes afire. "Would you like to follow? A horsewhip—to a young lass? To speak of such a thing, you white-headed old thief and coward—by the Lord, I wonder I can let you stand there."

For a moment it seemed as if the old man was about to rush on his antagonist (who was sorely hampered, too, by Alison clinging to him and trying to pull him away), but he suddenly changed his mind; he turned and strode off—crunching the stones in the road in the blind fury of his wrath; and plainly enough they could hear him say: "I'll have the dogs down—I'll have the dogs down, and chase ye from the country-side, ye scoundrel vagabond!"

And then the young sailor turned to his sweetheart, who was all trembling and sobbing and frightened, and he would wipe the tears away from her pretty face, and he called her all kinds of soft, pet names, and bade her be of courage.

"For you see how matters stand now, Ailie, my dear," said he, and he smoothed her hair back from her forehead, as if he would

have nothing come between him and the open clear depths of her eyes, "and it's no use hoping that a madman will become a reasonable man. Your life at the farm will be a misery as long as you bide there, and I am not afraid to ask you to come away; anything will be better than that, and when you are living with my mother, then there will be time and peace and comfort for you to consider what you will do next. No, I am not afraid to ask you to do as much as that, for that will be for your good, I know."

"But I will do anything you tell me, Alec," said she, and her absolute confidence in him was apparent as much in her manner as in her words, "for I have no one in the world to guide me but you."

"And your own common sense, Ailie. And you must not trust me any further than what a stranger would say was right."

"But I do trust you; and how can you help that?" said she, with a smile struggling through her tears.

"Then I'll have to guard you against yourself; and very easy it will be, for when you're living in Nairn we'll just get the lawyer folk to tie up whatever money you may have—I mean whatever money they may be able to get from your uncle——"

"But they cannot tie it up if I want to give it to you," said she. "And, oh, Alec, wouldn't it be fine if we could buy the fifth share in the ship and you to be made captain——"

"Yes, and what would be just as fine would be this, if we were to rent a small cottage just outside Nairn, or Elgin, or Inverness, and you to have a little garden to amuse yourself wi' when I am away, and a little servant lass to help you. You see, Ailie, everything's to be little—the cottage, the garden, the servant lass. It's like the old song, you know, 'When a little farm we keep—' I say, everything is to be little except one thing, and that is the love in your heart, Ailie."

"But you cannot expect me to keep that little," said she, regarding him with her fond, trusting eyes. "Anything else, except that."

"No, no; you will keep that as big as you can, my dear, as long as it is mine," said he.

Then he bethought him of the farmer's parting threat.

"Well, I must be off, Ailie, for I don't want to be worried by a lot of yelping collies."

"Oh, do you think the dogs would harm any one that is with me?" she said, confidently.

"Well, it's no use having any more quarrelling; there's been enough of that for awhile; and as soon as I get back I will go through to Nairn, and my mother will arrange for your coming, and the sooner the better. The Princess Mary will not be ready for a week yet, and you could write and say where I am to meet you——"

"But if my uncle will not let me leave the farm?"

"How is he to hinder you?"

"He might lock me up in a room," said Alison.

And loudly he laughed.

"I'm thinking that would not last long, Ailie, my dear! I'm thinking I would soon have some of the lads with me, and we'd get you out if we stripped the slates off the roof. No, no; it's when you want to leave the farm, you'll leave it—I will take care of that; and your room will be ready for you in Nairn—as neat and clean and smart as a new pin."

And then at last he had to go, and he had comforted her amazingly, and she was smiling through her tears; and when the final good-bye was said, and the last hand-shake and kiss given and taken, and the last, long, lingering look withdrawn, she turned and took her way toward the solitary farm house, through the loud-reverberating, clear, moonlight night.

CHAPTER III.

A CONSPIRACY.

INVERNESS is not much of seaport, and the occasional rows of small houses in the neighborhood of the almost disused quays are visited by but few passers-by, especially in the daytime. And yet old Robert Graham, as he slowly walked along one of those solitary thoroughfares—pretending to saunter idly and aimlessly, indeed, as if he had only wandered hither by chance—had a keenly apprehensive look in his deep-set eyes; and he was sharply and covertly watching the movements of every human being within sight. As a matter of fact there was only one person who could possibly be a spy on him; and that was a man who, slung over

the side of a big schooner lying high and dry on the mud, was working on the hull while his back was turned on the street, and, moreover, he was engaged with his own affairs, hoarsely singing the while some dolorous sailor song.

Twice and three times did the old farmer slowly walk up and down this empty street; though well he knew the house he was seeking, for it had been shown him the evening before, toward dusk, when the dim light in the window seemed to him something mysterious and awful, and the very silence around unholy. And now, when he at length mustered up courage to approach the door that his eye had been stealthily fixed on for some time back, there was a curious sensation of dread about his heart and the hand that he timidly raised to the rude iron knocker was shaking a little, though he did not notice that. He hesitated but for a second; he rapped, but not loudly; the next moment the door was opened.

A tall, thin, gray-haired, quiet and respectable-looking woman stood before him, regarding him with mild and melancholy eyes. She carried in her hand a piece of sewing; apparently she had been at work.

"Yes, sir?" she said, inquiringly; and mild and melancholy as those eyes appeared, they seemed to have scrutinized him from head to foot in the meanwhile.

Mr. Graham was rather taken aback. Could this quiet-looking creature be one of the two wise women—the spey wives—that foretold the fortunes of the young lasses about and sold charms to sailors and were suspected of even darker dealings? He had expected to find a couple of venomous old hags, crouching in some dark chimney corner, to whom he could at once have revealed his designs, beseeching their aid to rid him of his enemy. However, he was a little bewildered and a little frightened; and at length he managed to say:

"Nancy Lissom?"

"That's my sister's name," was the calm answer, and the scrutiny of those mild but watchful eyes was continued.

"I want to see her," he said.

"The poor old woman's no so well the now," she said. "I would rather not disturb her."

"But I maun see her—it's business—it's important," the farmer said, rather breathlessly.

"I dinna see who that can be," the other answered him. "It's me that minds the house, and the rent's paid and the taxes, and the water and everything, and we dinna owe a penny to any living though it's a hard enough struggle for two old folk like her and me."

"Bless me, woman, I ken a' about you and your sister," said he impatiently, for he did not wish to be seen talking at the door. "Let me inside the house, and I'll tell you what I want."

"Ye're welcome to come in, sir," she said, and she made way for him to pass, and shut the door after him, "but if a' the magistrates in Inverness were to come into this house, they would find nothing wrong—only two old wives, making but a scant living wi' their needle—ay, and one o' them getting so blind now that she can scarce add a stitch."

"I'm not a magistrate," said he, almost under his breath; for the little room into which he was now ushered seemed strangely quiet. And, indeed, there was no suggestion of necromancy about this commonplace little apartment. It was just such another as one might have expected in that neighborhood, only that it was cleanly and tidily kept, however poor and plain the furniture might be. There were the usual ornaments on the mantelpiece—big sea-shells, two cheap glass vases surmounted each with a frill of green paper, and one or two photographs in frames. But what the farmer instantly noticed was that on the little table at the window, where the family Bible ought to have been, no family Bible was there; in place of that there was merely a flower-pot with some red and yellow paper flowers in it, to attract the gaze of the passer-by without. Then he turned to the melancholy-eyed woman, who stood calmly waiting for him to speak.

"I want to be friends wi' ye, and wi' your sister," said he. "I'm not a magistrate at all. I've heard o' ye. I've come here to ask your help, ay, and I'll pay well for it. But it was Nancy Lissom I was told to ask for."

"My sister's in there," the woman said, nodding her head in the direction of a door behind him, and still continuing to regard him with suspicion. "But she's a poor old woman now, that can scarce talk to strangers. And if ye've come to do us an ill turn, sir, I wish you would go away again. We harm nobody. We just want to be let alone."

"An ill turn, ye foolish woman!" he said angrily; and then he instantly altered his tone. "No, no, I want to be friends wi' ye, if ye can give me any help. I'll make it worth your while. Look here."

He took out from his breast pocket a small parcel of £1 bank notes, dark and dirty, as these usually are in the country districts of Scotland—and selecting two of them from the rest, placed them open on the table.

"There's a handsel," said he.

When the woman saw the two bank notes lying there, her eyes contracted like the eyes of a cat about to spring, and instinctively she was about to seize them. But then she paused. She looked at him.

"Is it a trap?"

She went quickly to the window, and, as well as she could, glanced up and down the street to see if he had any accomplice waiting without. There was no one there. She returned to the table and took up the notes and said with a kind of sigh:

"I'm sure, sir, ye wouldna seek to harm two poor old women, and one o' them near to her death, as I'm thinking. But nowadays it's a sin and an outcry if ye take a pack o' cards and tell a lass whether her sweetheart is to be dark or fair. Not that I ken anything about that, or that I would do sic a thing; but come in and see my sister, and tell her what your business is. Folk call her a wise woman—but what's that? It's just that she has the skill and experience o' a long life, and many a one she has helped, though many's the ill name that both o' us get in return for it. And did I thank ye for this money, sir? It's a poor life we lead, for she's nearly blind, and I'm not so quick with the needle as I was."

She opened a door in the partition dividing the lower floor of the house, and preceded him into the back room. It was about the same size as the one in front, but much more poorly furnished, and it was darker also. There was a small fire burning in the grate, though it was far from being cold weather without, and in an easy chair by the side of the fire sat a little old woman—older than her sister and whiter of hair—who was wrapped up in a thick shawl, and wore on her head an old-fashioned "mutch."

She looked startled and even frightened when she saw the stranger, and quickly turned to her sister.

"It's a' right, Nancy," the taller woman said. "The gentleman has gi'en me a good handsel, and I'll leave him to tell ye his business himsel'."

So saying she withdrew; and then the interview on which the old farmer had staked all his vengeful hopes began. And at first it proceeded slowly enough; for the little old woman, who seemed to have remarkably sharp eyes, considering that her sister had said she was nearly blind, would admit nothing; pretended that she only gave good advice; then admitted that she practised a little harmless forecasting by means of cards, and so forth. At times, the farmer grew angry; then, fearing to offend her, would become quite humble again; and finally he had recourse to further money persuasions. The fact was he was desperate. If they could not help, who could? Would he have to part with his niece, and her share of the profits of the farm that he had held back, and her share of the stock as it stood, and all because an insolent young puppy had chosen to interfere? And this was the only way of meeting him; and time pressed; and why would this old woman—that he had been assured had dark and mysterious relations with the unseen powers—prevaricate, and make false assurances, and refuse to aid him?

But this further bribe, though the parting with these two pounds was like rending his heart in twain, prevailed; and the little old woman rose from the chair, and hobbled across the apartment, and for a little while was busy in a little cupboard there. When she came back she had something or other wrapped up in her apron.

"Ay, ay," said she, in her quavering voice, as she sank into the easy chair again, and pretended to keep her eyes fixed absently on the fire, "if the police or the fiscal was coming, he would be here ere now; and its only when one is sure that one can speak out; and it's no often nowadays, when there's so few that believes—there's so few that believes. Well, well, poor things, maybe it's better they shouldna ken what's going to happen. What use is it to them to ken beforehand that the head of the house will never come back frae sea, or that the bairn will be ta'en from them, or that the money they hope for will never be theirs? And if they dinna believe that harm can be fended off—well, well, they must suffer, poor things. It wasna so once. I mind the days

when folk were glad to take warning—ay, and to pay for the warning—and to take heed, and guard themselves against the ill that was coming. But there's few that believe nowadays, and a poor old wife has amaist lost the secret o't, though it's them that's nearest the grave that can see best."

He let her mumble on, apparently to herself; for partly he was hoping that she would of herself come to the mysterious art of which he was in quest, but partly also because he was a little bit overawed. There was something gruesome in being in solitary converse with a reputed witch; she did not seem to heed him now; she kept her eyes on the smouldering fire as if she saw things there—shipwrecks, funerals, children crying, women sitting and moaning alone. And if the hope in his heart burnt fiercer, it also made him afraid. He was coming close to these awful and unknown influences, and how might they not affect himself? He had been most propitiatory to this old woman and her sister; but, after all, they were only instruments. And when once his purpose was known, would the vague powers that compassed evil and harm be on his side, and work with him and for him, or might they not turn against him and wither him with their malignant craft?

And now that she was satisfied he did not mean to betray her—that he was in reality seeking supernatural aid, and willing to pay for the same—she seemed bent on convincing him that he had not come hither in vain.

"But there's no many now that care to be warned," she continued, still vacantly staring into the fire. "It was different in former days. Maybe you've heard o' Willox the Warlock?"

"I remember the name, but I never saw him," the farmer said, and the very sound of his own voice made him start, so intently had he been occupied with his fancies and his fears.

"Poor man, he died in '33. I mind him well. Macgregor was his real name. And do ye ken what gave him power over the spirits—ay, so that he could raise a storm on a loch and drown a boat ere ever warning could reach them? It was what they call a talisman, that had been handed down to him; and this was the way of it. In former days there was a Water Kelpie in Loch Ness, and he would linger on the road by the side of the loch, in the shape of a fine horse all saddled and bridled, and

when some tired traveller would fain come along and get a ride for a mile or two, no sooner was he in the saddle than down into the loch ran the Kelpie and drowned him. But one o' the Macgregors heard o' the Kelpie and attacked him, and slashed at the head o' the horse with his claymore, and cut away the end o' the bridle and a piece o' the bit; and it was this that was handed down to Willox the Warlock, as they called him, and many a strange thing he did wi' it, as the folk will tell ye till this day. Well, sir, ye hae been kind to two poor auld women, and I'm sure ye're no in league with the police, and I'm just going to show ye that very talisman—that was well known in this country-side when I was a young lass."

She opened her apron and took up a piece of yellow metal, and held it out for him to look at. But he would not touch it. He did not know what subtle power it might yet possess, and perhaps for evil to the unwary.

"And what can ye do with that, then?" he said, almost in a whisper, and he had a sudden vision of Alec Jameson and of a storm just outside Nairn harbor, and of a sinking ship, and then a wide, empty sea, with darkness and night and silence coming down on it.

"It's no much that I can do wi' that," she said, absently. "The day has gone by. The folks dinna believe in Water Kelpies now——"

"Ay, but if there was one ready to believe?" said he eagerly. "What then, what then, good-wife?"

She had taken from her lap another object—an oblong piece of crystal, pierced with several holes.

"Here," she said, "is the other talisman that Willox the Warlock used, and maybe there's more to be done wi' that, if ye would learn what's going to happen. Ay, there's many a strange thing has been seen through that glass—many a thing that has come true when least it was expected, for days are no more than hours, and years no more than days, when ye look through it. Would ye like to try?"

Well, this was not what he came for; but he was fearful to offend her, and how could he tell but that at any moment she might suggest the very means that he desired? So he assented, and in a kind of half mystified way he saw her go and fetch a bowl of water, which she placed in front of the fire.

"Kneel down," said she, "and put the glass on the top of the water, and tell me if you see anything on the bottom of the bowl."

He was afraid to take hold of the piece of crystal, but on the other hand he did not know what danger he might incur by refusing, so he did as he was bid. Of course when the crystal was interposed between the glow of the fire and the bowl of water there were shadows thrown on the bottom of the vessel, and sharper lights where the holes were pierced; and then again these seemed to move, for he did not himself know that his hand was so trembling and unsteady.

"If it's waves," she said, slowly, and her eyes could now watch him unseen, "it's a voyage."

There was no answer. He was puzzling over those mysterious shadows, and too perturbed to make a definite guess.

"If it's trees," she continued——

"Ay, it's more like trees, I'm thinking," he muttered.

"If it's trees it's a kirkyard," she said.

He sprang to his feet.

"A kirkyard! For whom?" he cried, perfectly aghast.

But the old woman took no notice of this sudden fright.

"How can I tell that," said she, in the same calm voice, "until I hear what it is ye want to learn? Indeed, I'll do my best for ye, sir—though there's nothing sure, there's nothing sure. But ye've been a good friend to us this day—I'll do my best."

Here, then, was the opportunity he wanted, and he strove to collect himself. He reverently placed the piece of crystal and the bowl on the table, for although fortune-telling was not what he was after, still these things might work mischief—and then he began his story. Truth to say, it was a very transparent fabrication. It needed no witch to surmise that he was speaking of himself and his own affairs. The story was of a farmer dwelling in a certain place, who lived soberly and discreetly, trying to do his best by the farm, and saving up every penny that he could save. And why? Because he had a niece, who, in the ordinary course of nature, would fall heir to the property. But was she content with that? No. The idle hussy must needs take up with a harum-scarum young sailor fellow, and now he was for taking her away from the house; and he was going to the lawyer's to make the farmer hand over all that

was due to her—though that had all been expended in the bringing of her up—and also the value of her share in the stock, no doubt. And not only that, but this impudent rascal of a sailor had challenged the farmer to fight, and had miscalled him, and would have lashed him with a horsewhip but that the whip broke in his hands. And could she wonder, he asked eagerly, if he wanted to baffle the intentions of this robber and plunderer; aye, and take vengeance on him for his threats and scorn? And was there no way of doing that? The farmer would pay, he said. Oh, yes, he would pay when the work was done. Hardly as he had earned every penny of his savings, he would do much to save his niece from becoming the slave of such a scoundrel.

"That, now," he said, fixing his eyes on the piece of yellow metal that lay in her hand, "could not that work him a mischief?"

"I'm no sure about that," she answered. "There's other ways—ay, there's other ways o' working a harm, if it was safe to do it. But I maun have the name o' the farmer and o' the young sailor lad," she added.

"Surely that's no needfu'," he said, rather drawing back.

"Indeed but it is," she said, doggedly.

He was loth to compromise himself so far, but, on the other hand, being apparently so near the accomplishment of his wishes, and having risked so much already, he could not think of giving up.

"Graham," he said, with evident timidity, "that is the farmer's name; and the sailor's name, Jameson."

At the mention of the latter's name there was a curious little twitch of the old woman's eyes, which he did not notice, and she suddenly said to him:

"But his other name—I mean the sailor lad's."

"Oh, that's Alec!" he said; he had less scruple about giving her that information.

"And it's him that wants the young lass with the money?" she said, with a quick glance at him.

Then she resumed her absent staring into the fire again. He remained regarding her in silence. He guessed that she was devising sure and certain means for the destruction of his enemy and would not interfere.

"It's dangerous work," she said, at length.

"Ay, but when it's done it will be well paid for," said he, eagerly. "Can ye do it—can ye do it, good wife? Can ye bring something upon him? or can ye whisper them that can—something quick and sudden, now, ere he gets time to go to the lawyer's? I tell ye, the lass is talking o' leaving the farm at once, and together they'll be at the lawyer's; haste ye to think now. Can ye make something befall him—something sharp and sudden, that will end him for ever? It was a kirkyaird I saw in the bowl—I'm sure o't—trees and bushes it was that I saw—a kirkyaird it was—and was that for him, good wife?"

She seemed to pay but little heed to his malignant vehemence. For awhile she sat perfectly silent and apparently absorbed, and than she said slowly:

"There's the old and the sure way, if ye are daring enough to do it."

"What is't—what is't?" he said, quickly.

She looked up again.

"Are ye so hard set against the lad?"

"Wife, wife, ye dinna understand what he threatens to me and mine!" he exclaimed, but in a low voice. "Tell me what's to be done, and leave the rest to me. And quick, quick it maun be, ere the scoundrel gets to the lawyer's."

Inadvertently he had confessed that he himself was the farmer of his imaginary story, but she knew that already.

"It's the old and the sure way," she repeated, in the same slow fashion. "Ye take a wax image, and ye make ready a big fire, and ye put the image before the fire, and when it begins to melt, sickness strikes at his heart. Ay, and he pines and he pines, and no one can tell what is the matter with him; and on the second day ye put the image to the fire again, and ye begin to stick needles into it, and with every needle ye say,

'Fire burn, fire stew,
Another knife I stick in you,'

until the image is finished; ay, and when that's finished, the man's finished, and it's the kirkyaird then for him, and a cold stone at his head."

"And the wax image—where could one get that, good wife?" said he, almost in a whisper.

She regarded him.

"Come here to-night at nine o'clock to the minute, and it will be ready for ye," she answered. "And mind ye, let no one see your coming in or your going out; for it's compassing a man's life, and what does that mean, if it's found out, but the gallows?"

He started, for there almost seemed a menace in her tone; but surely she was as much implicated as he himself was. However, he promised to be there punctually at nine that evening, in the utmost secrecy; and so he got out of the house and into the quiet little thoroughfare. As he made his way back to the busier part of the town, the white daylight around seemed to have a bewildering effect on his eyes, and his heart was darkened with a nameless dread; and his brain was busy trying to recall the ghastly incantation he was to use when he put the waxen image of his enemy before the sharp flames.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORKING OF THE CHARM.

At nine o'clock that night the moon was not yet over the chimney-tops; and this little thoroughfare that he sought with stealthy step and anxious look was dark and solitary enough. And well he wished himself out of Inverness, and back home; at Fasslie he could take safe and leisurely precautions to avoid observation; here he knew not what silent foot might be following him, what unseen eye might be upon him; nor yet what fell enchantment might not be hovering around this very house that he was about to visit. He was a little before the appointed time; he walked round by the quay and back again; and ever his attention was fixed on that particular window, where a dull red light shone. What was it that made that light look baleful and sinister? He wished this business was over, and himself back at Fasslie Farm.

So far as he could perceive, he was quite unobserved as he finally went up to the house, tapped lightly and was admitted. Not a word was spoken by the taller of the two women, who received him as on the previous occasion; she merely opened the door of the back room, and shut it behind him when he had

entered. And the next moment his startled glance fell upon something that was lying there upon the table—something that made him shiver, though he had never seen the like before; for the waxen image that lay among some cotton fitted into a small box, however rudely it may have been fashioned, seemed to him like a corpse, and to have the cold, clammy, clayey look of a corpse. He turned to the old woman, dreading to find her eyes fixed on him and reading alike his desires and fears; but her face was away from him; she was staring blankly into the fire.

"Ay, and what now, good-wife?" said he, pretending not to have seen that ghastly object lying there.

"It's ready for ye," said she, and she turned and glanced at the table. "There is that that will make a sick man of him, and syne a dead man. Ay, that's the sure way, surer than the talisman that Willox and Warlock cut frae the Kelpie's mouth."

"And when will it begin to work, good-wife?" said he anxiously. "Maybe he's in Inverness at this minute; maybe he'll no wait for the young lass to come from the farm; maybe he'll go to the lawyer's and make mischief ere he can be stopped. When will it begin to work, tell me; when will he fall ill?"

"As soon as ever that wax is put to the fire and begins to melt," said she, "then the sickness will strike into him. It's a dreadfu' thing to think of—a young man in the prime and health o' life——"

"Ay, but such a rascal as ye ne'er heard o'," he said, eagerly, for he did not wish her to repent of her connivance; perhaps she might recall the charm at the last moment. "I tell ye, ye do well to work harm on such a worthless, mischievous fellow—ay, a rascal that would rob an old man, and steal away a lass from her proper home, and seek to get hold o' her money to spend it on riotous living. Na, na, dinna fash your head about that, good-wife; he deserves all he'll get and mair. It's a good job ye've done."

And then he turned to the table and regarded the rudely-shaped little effigy.

"And, maun I keep it at the fire melting and melting to the end?" said he, for now that the means were within his reach, he seemed impatient to begin.

"No, no," she answered him. "Three days must go by; and if at the end o' the third day it's no a' melted away, then into the fire wi' it—poor young fellow, that will be his death hour."

"But when I take away the wax frae the fire, will the illness stop?" he asked.

"No, no; when ye take the wax frae the fire it will harden; but when once a man is struck with a pining, that holds him—ay, until it's time for the tramp o' the coffin men to be heard on the stair."

"And no matter where he is, will this reach him?" he said.

"Ay, whether he is on sea or land, far or near, in a rich man's house or in a poor, when the wax is put to the fire, then the pining and wasting begins, and every time ye put a needle into the wax that is a pain going through his heart. Bethink ye, sir, what ye are doing and spare him if ye can. My sister and me are poor folk, and it's ill to get a living in such hard times as these; and I'm sure we would rather keep to the sewing if my eyes were no so bad. It's no my own will that I would meddle wi' such things as that. I wouldna harm a living soul."

He seemed to pay no heed to these pleadings, except in so far as they tended to confirm his belief in the deadly power of this instrument she had made for him; and now—but with rather uncertain fingers—he had taken the box in his hand.

"But what's this, good wife?" he said, suddenly; "What color is this box? Green, surely? Ay, that will never do at a'. Ye'll have to get me another box. There'll be no good luck to me or mine if I take aught o' that color into the house. Bless me, it's a wonder I noticed it in candle-light."

"There's not another box o' the kind, but or ben," said she.

"Well, well," said he, "I'll take it wi' me as it is, and get another ere I set out for home in the morning," and with that he put the lid on and tied a bit of string round it, and was ready to go.

"But ye're no leaving us that way," said she, with a kind of feeble, whining remonstrance, "after a' our trouble. We're poor, poor folk, my sister and me; and what with the police and the fiscal and the neighbors spying on us, and glad to say an ill word when they can, it's a hard struggle to live. And this practising on a man's life, that we risk the gallows by, is that not to be paid for?"

"But I've given ye four pounds, woman!" he said, angrily.

And then he quickly bethought him that this was not the tone

in which to address one who might turn these very powers against himself.

"But dinna let's quarrel," said he. "No, no; see here's another; that's five and a good day's wage. But it's not five, but twice five ye'll have from me when this work's done. Ten pounds will I give ye on that day; just mind that now, and ye'll be looking forrit to the end as eager as I am mysel'. And so goodnight to ye, good-wife; and just keep a quiet tongue in your head about this affair until I see you again."

And so he got him out of the house, and stole quietly away back to the inn where he was lodging. There he succeeded in getting a box something of the same size as the green one; and when he had transferred to it the deadly instrument which was to work woe on his enemy, he felt more at ease. And late into the night he sat up in his solitary little room, wondering at what hour of the following evening he would begin to melt the wax figure, and wondering where Alec Jameson would be when first he should find himself smitten with that strange sickness. Compunction, remorse, hesitation, he had none. He was all too anxious to strike. Not only revenge for the past, but regard for his own safety in the future, goaded him on. And how could any one call it murder, when he but melted a doll at a fire, as any child might do? If there were maleficent beings who would make that the occasion for working a man's bane, he knew them not. But if these invisible powers befriended him, as they had befriended him in times past, surely he would be grateful to them, though he might never know how to call them by their name. The old woman, too, he would establish friendly relations with her; it was better to be safe with every one all round.

He reached home the following afternoon, and he was unusually civil to his niece—but in a suspicious, watchful way—when that he chanced to meet her about the house. Again, as they sat down to supper in the evening, he said, with an appearance of good humor:

"Well, now if you have any sense, lass, ye'll change your mind about leaving Fasslie."

"And, indeed, uncle," she said, "it's no wish of mine that I should leave Fasslie—at least not the now; and if I have to go, it will be with no great gladness."

"But who can make ye go if ye dinna want to go?" he said, eagerly. "Think o't, lass. Think o' the changes o' life, and you going out to face them by yoursel', yes, by yoursel'; for what better is a sailor's wife than a left widow woman when he's away at sea? Ay, and the chances o' storms and shipwrecks, think o' that; and you living by yoursel' and waiting and waiting. That's a terrible life for a young lass to lead. Here ye've a comfortable home, where your father's name is weel kenned in the country-side; and here's friends for ye in time o' trouble; and ye can see that everything that's done to better the house or the building or the farm, that's a' being done for what is your own—or for what will be your own when I am taken. It's a sad thing to see a young lass beguiled and led away from her own folk; where she has everything and no trouble; and to see her going out to face the world by hersel', among strangers that ken nothing about her or hers, and will swindle her, or misca' her, or cheat her, whenever they get the chance. It's a sad, sad thing to see; and I never thought it would be you, Ailie, lass."

He had never spoken like this to her before. Ordinarily he was querulous, dissatisfied, complaining in his manner toward her, and often-times downright ill-tempered, dictatorial, and brutal. And for a second or two this plausible reasoning and this apparent friendliness of his tone rather bewildered her, but presently she said:

"It's too late to think o' that, uncle. I have given my word to Alec Jameson and I am not going to take it back."

"It's never too late to mend an error," said he—and he was watching her with some eagerness, as if he expected to see some sign of yielding in her face.

"And as for being a sailor's wife," she continued, "I suppose every one has some trouble. Besides, it will not be so bad when Alec is made captain, and then I can go a voyage with him from time to time."

"And who is going to make him captain?" he said, scornfully.

"They would make him that now," she answered, simply, "if only he had money to buy a fifth share in the Princess Mary."

Instantly his face changed, and there was a savage gleam from under the bushy eyebrows.

"Ay, ay, there again—it's money he's after, as well I kenned,"

he said, between his teeth. "Money to buy a fifth share in the Princess Mary! Well, well, what's going to be will be!"

Apparently he was trying to conceal his anger. He remained silent for some little while, busying himself with his supper. Then he said, in quite a conciliatory way:

"Ailie, lass, do you think they could light a fire for me in the safe room?" For so he had chosen to designate the room in which he had placed the iron chest.

"Oh, yes," said she, "it's many a day since there was a fire in that room, but I dare say the chimney will draw well enough."

"As soon as ye've finished, then, just bid the lasses light a fire there," said he, "ay, and a good blazing fire, for I have papers and things to burn."

"Very well, uncle," she said, and, as she had just then finished supper, she went away to do as she was bid.

It did not occur to him as unnecessarily and wantonly cruel to ask a young girl to go and get ready a fire for the slow burning of her lover's effigy; his thoughts were elsewhere; he was trying to guess where Alec Jameson might be at this moment, now that this fell disease was about to strike at his vitals. In a public house, making merry? Or on board the Princess Mary, wondering when he was to become captain? Or, perhaps, deciding as to which of the lawyers he would go to on the following day? Anyhow, for him, and his mischief-making, and his insolent designs, there had come an end.

It was Alison herself who came to announce that the fire was lit and burning well. He went away and got a pair of iron pincers; then he sought out the little chamber and shut himself in, locking the door behind him. Outside the world was growing white with the moonlight—the sea was distinctly visible and the far and dusky line of coast under the clear, still heavens; and so, for some reason or another, he went to the window and closed the shutters and barred them. Then he lit the solitary candle that was standing on the mantel-shelf; after a hard struggle he managed to open the big iron chest; he took therefrom the little box he had deposited there for safety in the afternoon; and presently the wax effigy was in the firm grip of the pincers. He went to the fire. The flames were burning merrily now. And then, after a moment's hesitation, he thrust the wax in front of the hot red glow.

All this he had done as one in a dream. It was not of these mechanical appliances he was thinking ; it was of the effect of this incantation, as it would now be happening many a mile away. Had the pain begun ? Or was it only a feverish heat he felt as yet and a sickness ? And were the maleficent spirits at work, hovering over the house where Jameson was, and chuckling, maybe, and laughing over their devilish trade ? Did the old woman know what was going on ? Perhaps she could help ? He had left her in a friendly mood. She had everything to hope for—thwarting him would not serve her turn, aiding him would be to her own advantage. And Alison would still remain at Fasslie, and the money and bonds and railway shares would be untouched and his own, and no longer would the nights be full of fears as to what the lawyers in Inverness might do.

But this wax image seemed hard and cold and impenetrable. It did not seem to melt. And was the fire not yet beginning to pierce him ? Perhaps the favoring unseen powers and influences were waiting, were impatient, might go away ? And so he held the effigy closer and closer to the bars, until it almost touched the coals. A drop fell, and another, and another, and he began to tremble and his head to swim for that they looked so like blood. And then, in a half-dazed way, he rather withdrew the wax from the heat. The melting was to be done thrice ; too fierce and sudden a sickness, killing a man at once, might provoke suspicion. And so he withdrew the image somewhat, suffering it to harden again, and yet gradually. No matter if it were hardened quite and cold, the pain had struck ; the disease would work now—his enemy was disposed of.

And yet he was not altogether satisfied. Why should a few minutes' torture imperil a man's life? Perhaps he had been too hasty in withdrawing the image from the fire ? And then again, although the wise woman had instructed him to pierce the wax with needles on the second day of the melting, what harm could there be in putting in one now, just to make assurance doubly sure ? So he held the effigy to the flames again, but not too near, until the wax grew soft ; and then, under his breath, and with a malignant emphasis which showed how profoundly he believed in the baleful efficacy of the charm, he repeated the words :

Fire burn, fire stew,
This first knife I stick in you,

and drove the point of the needle into the upper part of the image, about where the heart of a man would be. A further drop or two of the wax fell on the hearthstone—more like blood than ever, as it appeared to him. But he was satisfied now. The mischief was begun. His unknown friends could not complain of any want of thoroughness on his part.

When he had replaced the now shrunken image in the box, and placed that again in the iron chest, and locked the same, he blew out the candle and made his way back to the parlor. Here he found Alison and the servant lasses assembled for family worship, that being the custom of the house; and there was the big chair drawn in to the table, and the family Bible lying open. His first duty was to read a chapter, and he began to do so at once, but in a mechanical fashion, for he could not keep his thoughts from going back to the little chamber, and the red fire, and the needle, and the drops falling like blood on the hearthstone. This was the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers he was reading, and he had come upon it quite fortuitously; for the practice of the house was to go steadily through the Bible, from end to end, one chapter a night. And yet as he read of Balak, the King of Moab, who would have a curse fall upon Israel, and how Balaam was constrained to bless the people, his mind was haunted with misgivings; and then came the verse: "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, 'What hath God wrought!'" But the mechanical reading came to an end; then he gave out the Psalm:

"They in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Zion hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.
As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord His folk doth compass so,
From henceforth and for aye;"

and they sang that to the plaintive tune of "Martyrdom," Alison leading; and then Alison and the girls went and he was left alone.

There was something disquieting in that chapter, however perfunctorily he had read out the verses; and now, as he sat in the

big arm-chair, plunged in a profound reverie, he tried to recall them. And what was it that had caused the curse of Balaam to fail? What had changed it into a blessing? Surely the fact that the children of Israel were under the special protection of the Almighty, who had interfered with the ordinary course of nature on their behalf.

"And it was long ago," he continued to reason with himself, in these half-disconnected musings, "and it was in another part of the world altogether. But long ago as it was, long before that there were the other powers, in the glens and among the hills and by the lochs, and who has put them away? Before ever the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt the kelpies were in every water in Scotland; and the underground people in every lonely mound and hillock; and spirits in every wood and glen and on every wide untenanted moor; who could think that they had all been destroyed? Balaam's curse was turned into a blessing—but that was in another land; and the Lord was working miracles from day to day on behalf of a particular people. But that was all over now; and here in Scotland the mysterious powers that dwelt in earth, and air, and water, were allowed to work their will, as thousands upon thousands of stories testified. And who was Alec Jameson that any interference should be made on his behalf? A common sailor, that might lose his life to-morrow, or next day, by stumbling over the edge of a quay, or falling down a stair, and the world pay no heed at all. No, no; there could be no interference in his case. There were reasons for miracles in former days, when there was a whole nation to save; but this was merely a sailor lad in Inverness. Who was to interfere to save him? And already the fire was kindled—the consuming fire that was to eat through him, and wither him, and destroy him forever."

That night old Robert Graham could not sleep; when he dozed off for a few minutes, appalling visions presented themselves to him and he would awake with a cry of terror, gazing wildly at the door of his room, as if he expected strange figures to stalk in. At last he got up and lit a candle and tried to read; and then he would walk up and down the room for another half-hour, thinking mostly of Inverness and what might be happening there in the dead of night; and finally, when the first gray light of the dawn appeared, he completed his dressing and was right glad to get into

the actual world, though it was as yet all voiceless and untenanted and spectral.

During that day he was quite anxiously civil toward his niece; though he did not notice that she, on her part, was disturbed and restless, and absent from time to time for a considerable period.

"Ailie, lass," said he, at their midday dinner, "I'm thinking of taking a trip to Edinburgh in a week or two's time."

"Yes, uncle?"

"Would ye like to go wi' me?" he said; but he kept his eyes down, for this was not a natural part for him to play.

"Me, uncle?" she said, in great surprise.

"Both of us have as hard work as most folk," he said; "what wi' the farm and the house; and we're no so ill off, though it's a lot o' money to spend on the railway. But ye've often said ye would like to see Edinburgh, and a lass come to your time o' life shouldna have it to say that ye ne'er saw a town bigger than Inverness, and I'm thinking we'll just have a bit holiday together if ye're willing. Your mind has been set on other things as weel I ken, but a young lass's fancies alter and alter as the days pass, and I dare say you will be as well pleased to see Edinburgh as anybody. And we'll no spend so much money after a', for we'll go to some quiet, clean, comfortable bit inn or lodging-house about the Cowgate; and for the sight-seeing—for ye maun see the Castle and the Calton-hill and Holyrood, and a mony things like that—weel, we'll just do it on foot as heaps o' better folk have to do. Ay, ay, lass, your mind will hae plenty to think o' when ye climb up Arthur's Seat and see the big town lying below ye. It's a fine sight that, I've heard folk say there's not a finer in the three kingdoms."

Alison Graham could not at all understand this unwonted complaisance on the part of her uncle, but she said little; she seemed preoccupied. And had he, also, not been so busy with his own affairs, he might have complained of her repeated absences from the house in the afternoon. But he did not notice. He was looking forward to the evening and the renewal of the torture. What was happening in Inverness? The pining and wasting had lasted now nearly twenty-four hours; soon there would come the occasion for the driving in of those vengeful knives.

Just before supper he thought he would steal into the safe room for a minute and see how the corpse-like image looked after the

melting of the previous night. He had not ordered the fire to be lit as yet, and as he had left the window barred, he took a match with him in order to light the candle. He approached the door silently and stealthily, as if there were a coffin in the room.

His fingers trembled as they groped for the handle of the door, though he could scarce have told why; what was there to harm in a piece of moulded wax? Inside, the little chamber was quite dark. He felt for the head of the match. And then—over there at the window recess—he saw something white. His eyes were fascinated; he went forward; it was something wavering, blue-white, and spectral in the darkness; was it on the lid of the iron chest? A kind of wave of shadow passed over it, and it partly disappeared; the next moment it shone out with an appalling distinctness—the likeness of a gallows in gleaming white fire. Terror-stricken, speechless, with palsied hands and frenzied eyeballs, he stood and glared at this awful thing; and then three shrieks—three shrill, sharp shrieks, uttered in rapid succession—rang through the silent house, and the old man fell helpless and senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRIDE'S DOWRY.

When those three shrill screams rang through the house, Alison Graham, who was seated alone in the parlor—but apparently not very intent on the work that lay in her lap—threw her sewing aside and went swiftly up the stair. When she reached the landing the dim moonlight in the passage showed her that the door of a small storeroom there was just being opened; and she knew that the dark figure issuing from it must be Alec Jameson. She caught him by the arm.

"Oh, Alec! what has happened?" she said, in a frightened whisper, "What is it? What has happened?"

"Get a light and see," he answered, hurriedly, but in an undertone. "Maybe your uncle has had a fit. I'm going down to the shore; I'll wait for you there."

He disappeared. She had to return to the parlor for a candle; but her mind was so bewildered by wild forebodings that she

seemed as one dazed, and she could scarce light the candle for the shaking of her hand. Had the two men met? Had a murder been done in the house? Was there some ghastly object lying there in the saferoom? And yet Jameson had declared to her that his first object was to keep out of the way of her uncle, and had made the most elaborate precautions for concealing himself in the store-closet. However, she could not reason about it. The three piercing shrieks were a summons. Whatever sight might be awaiting her, to that dreaded saferoom she must go.

She went quickly up to the stair again, and had just reached the door, when she heard a stirring within. For a moment she paused, as if to summon her courage together; then she boldly opened the door and entered. The next instant she had uttered a sharp cry of alarm.

"Uncle, what is it?"

The old man was struggling to his feet, white-faced, with staring eyes, and apparently speechless. He seized her by the hand and clung to her, then he darted a brief, terrified glance back toward the iron chest in the recess; there was nothing of an unusual kind visible there.

"Ailie—Ailie, lass," said he at length, and she felt that he was trembling like a reed, and was, indeed, like to fall to the floor again, "dinna leave me, just bide here for a minute or two, I've had a kind o' wakeness come o'er me, but I'll be all right in a minute——"

He stopped for want of breath.

"I'll go and fetch you something, uncle," said she, "some brandy——"

"Ay, ay, brandy—brandy," he managed to stammer out.

"Then sit down for a moment, uncle, and I'll bring it. Here, let me get you the chair——"

"No, no, dinna leave me, Ailie, lass—no, no—wait a minute and I'll gang wi' ye; ay, now, help me a bit, we'll get down to the parlor; there, now, that's a good lass."

She gave him what help she could, while she held the candle aloft with her other hand; and in this way they came down to the parlor, where he sank helplessly into an arm-chair.

"The brandy, now, Ailie; it's a kind of wakeness that came o'er me—there's a good lass."

For she had quickly gone to the cupboard and poured some brandy into a tumbler and brought it to him. With a shaking hand he managed to raise it to his lips and take a gulp of it. At the same moment there was a noise without in the passage—a servant lass was bringing along the things for supper.

"No, no," he said, and he held up his hand as if to forbid her entrance. "Go and tell her, Ailie, not to come in here—not yet—later on."

Alison went to explain to the girl that her uncle was not yet ready for his supper; and while she was gone he kept muttering to himself.

"They're against me—they're against me—and the wise woman spoke of a gallows, too—what has angered them?—but there's an end of that now."

Alison returned; and, though she had no great cause to testify solicitude about her uncle—whose treatment of her had been of the harshest—still he was in need of help and care, and woman-like, she busied herself about him, and got a pillow for his head, and made a hundred little suggestions for his comfort.

"I've been an ill man, Ailie," he said, though it almost seemed to her that he was talking to himself, so absent were his eyes. "I've done wrong and harm; but surely the worst sinner will find mercy and peace if he repents. There's aye that. Seek and ye shall find. The door is aye open. The Lord is merciful—ay, even to the worst. Ailie, lass, bring over the big Bible to the table, and read me the Twenty-third Psalm—there's a good lass."

"But will I not send for the doctor, uncle?" she said, quickly; for this calling for religious consolation startled her.

"No, no; there's the doctor I want—peace and mercy—peace and grace—the door's aye open."

So she went and got the Bible, and laid it on the table; and proceeded to read the Psalm that he wanted. And as she read he followed her, apparently repeating phrases from time to time; with little comments of his own:

"*The Lord is my Shepherd*—ay, that's right, the Lord can save: what for would anyone go away from Him? . . . *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death*—no terrors—no terrors now. I would be on the safe side—on the Lord's side—and then who can harm? . . . *Thou preparest a table before me*—

ay, indeed, it's the Lord's side that's the safe side; no harm can come then; safety only, and peace, and a quate mind. . . . *I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever*—ay, that's right. I'm obliged to ye. Ailie, lass, ye may shut the book now; in the house of the Lord forever, that's where there's safety, that's the safe side, in the house of the Lord forever."

When she had shut the big Bible and put it back in its place, she returned to him, anxious to do what she could for him; and indeed those mumbled remarks had caused her some concern, for they sounded like the utterance of one whose mind had been unhinged. And yet her uncle was evidently recovering his ordinary look; and, not only that, but he had some thought to bestow upon her. He would have her call to the servant to bring supper now; and it was not for himself, it was for her. Why should she be kept hungry merely because a weakness had come over him, and he had sunk fainting to the floor for a minute or two? Nay, he insisted. Alison, who was far more solicitous about him than he had any right to expect, would have dismissed all notions about supper but that he would not be denied; so the girl was summoned and the table laid. During that time the old farmer remained profoundly silent and thoughtful. When the girl had gone he spoke.

"Ailie, lass," said he, in a low voice—as if he feared some one might be listening without—"tell me now, do you happen to be aware o' Alec Jameson's address in Inverness?"

She was startled, and looked at him—as if to find out what he meant by such a question; but his eyes were bent on the floor.

"Yes, uncle," she answered.

"Well, now, lass," he said, but still not regarding her, "after ye've finished wi' your supper, ye'll jist sit down and write him a bit note, bidding him to come through to Fasslie. It's a bad thing to have quarrelling—a bad thing; it's better to be friendly; and you jist tell him that if he'll come through here, we'll see if something cannot be done to put us a' on friendly terms. Ay, ay; and just in case he should have gone to Nairn, to see his mother, send him a bit note there too; it's all the one writing, and no great trouble."

"Indeed, uncle, it is not any trouble I would spare to bring you and him together," she said, but she was entirely bewildered. She

could not understand this sudden change of front, nor yet the singular events of that evening.

"Ay, and if he is not well enough to come," the old man continued, cautiously, "if anything is the matter with him, and he canna come through to Fasslie, then ye'll just tell him that we would like to make friends all the same, and he is to look forward to that when he gets better, and that there's none wish him sooner well again than the folk at Fasslie."

"But he's not ill at all, uncle," Alison exclaimed.

"How ken ye that?" said he, quickly.

"Because——" said she, and then she stopped and stammered, and it was well that he did not notice her confusion. "Because —he would have let me know—oh, I am sure he is not ill at all. I am sure of that."

The old man relapsed into silence, and she went on with her supper. When she had finished she asked him whether she should summon the lasses for family worship, or whether he would not omit that on this evening, seeing that he was not so well. But the old farmer would not hear of any such omission; the girls came in; the big Bible was opened, and he began the reading.

It was the twenty-fourth chapter of the Book of Numbers he had to read, and he seemed singularly distraught and absent as he began: "And when Balaam saw that it pleased the Lord to bless Israel, he went not, as at other times, to seek for enchantments, but he set his face toward the wilderness." Nay, now and again he would stop and repeat a phrase, as if pondering over the application of it to his own case; and especially he did so when he came to "Blessed is he that blesseth thee." Alison could not but observe that her uncle was very strange in his manner, and more than ever was she bewildered as to what had happened during the evening; but she knew that an explanation would soon be forthcoming—as soon as she could slip away from the house and seek out her lover, who was waiting for her down by the shore.

That opportunity arrived directly; for when family worship was over her uncle bade her go away and write the two letters, charging her to make them as friendly as possible.

Instead of going to her own little room, she merely drew a shawl around her head and shoulders, opened the front door quietly and stole out into the night.

The sea was much quieter now than it had been during the past few days, though still a murmurous noise told of the regular fall and recoil of the waves; and if the moonlight was scarcely so strong as it had been, it was still clear enough to lighten up this solitary world of shore and water and solemn over-arching sky. She walked quickly; she could hear even her light footfalls in the prevailing silence that the monotonous wash of the waves hardly seemed to break. But by-and-by she was nearer down to the sea. Then she began to look around her. She heard her name whispered. The next moment she was in a sheltered nook among the rocks, with her sweetheart's arms enfolding her.

"Oh, Alec, tell me what it is all about—it is all so strange, so strange," she said, as she freed herself from the encumbering shawl so that she could nestle close to him. "Do you know that my uncle thinks you have been ill?"

"It's no fault of his that I am not," he said, grimly.

"Oh, but you must not speak like that any more," said she, earnestly. "It is to be all different now. He is most anxious to be friends with you."

"What, already?"

"At this very moment he thinks I am writing to you, bidding you come to Fasslie; and there's to be no more quarrelling, but everything friendly and well. And what has made the change, Alec? What has happened? Tell me quick, dear, for I must get back to my uncle."

"Is he ill after the fright?" the young sailor asked—and there was a curious smile on his face.

"Not so ill as he was—oh, no; we had the family worship, just as usual. But he has been greatly disturbed. Maybe the fainting fit frightened him; now, tell me, Alec, what you wanted to be in the house for."

"But it's a long story, Ailie, my dear——"

"He'll no miss me for a while," said she, "for I had two letters to write—and he was anxious they should be very, very friendly, and bring you to Fasslie just at once."

He laughed.

"That's a change in the weather," said he. "However, I'll tell how it all came about. Your uncle has been trying to murder me."

"Alec!" she exclaimed, and she tried to withdraw herself from him.

"Oh, but it's true, Ailie, darling," said he, coolly. "First he thought to fell me; but I bid him beware of what would happen; then he brought out a horsewhip, but I broke that; then he spoke about the collies, but what was the use of that when you were by me; and so, as he couldna get at me any other way, what more natural than that he should try if a witch could help him! Ailie, my dear, your uncle's a queer man; surely, he was born and brought up in Shetland; why, there's not an ignorant servant lass nor a half-witted sailor has such a faith in magic and witchcraft, if all I hear be true. Ay, and it is true; and what has happened this night is a proof o't. Would you believe it, then—your uncle went into Inverness to get hold of some witch or spey wife there that would work a mischief on me; and, as good luck would have it, he happened on two poor old bodies called Lissom, that get a sixpence or a shilling now and again by telling fortunes. I'm told that it's only of late years they've taken to such tricks; when my mother knew them in Nairn they were respectable, hard-working folk just like others; but as they grew old they got less work; and I suppose the temptation of picking up a little money easily in that way was too much for them; so that now when a sailor-lad wants to know if his lass will bide true to him, he just slips round to the wise women, and they bid him look through a piece of crystal or some nonsense of that kind, and then he comes on board with a light heart. Ay, and that old Nance Lissom is a sharp one; she led your uncle on from one thing to another, and got hold of the whole story, and all the time she was saying to herself: 'This will be news for Mrs. Jameson, and perhaps her laddie will gain by it.' As for old Nancy," the young sailor continued, with a laugh, "five pounds was what she got—and a mighty windfall it was for them, I'm thinking—but they were to get ever so much more as soon as they managed to kill me, so I'm much obliged to them for staying their hand."

"But what do you mean, Alec—kill you?" the girl exclaimed.

"Why, she pretended she could waste me with a sickness by melting a wax image before a fire; and she gave your uncle the image, and told him what to do, and last night he was to begin."

Alison uttered a little cry. There flashed into her memory the

lighting of the fire of the previous evening. Could this terrible tale be true! Had her uncle really been plotting against the life of her lover!

"Ay, she is a sharp one, that old Nancy Lissom," he continued, in his matter-of-fact way. "The very first thing the next morning she sent her sister to my mother to find out where I was; and then I went back with her; and between them they made out a fine plan—at least, I'm thinking it has worked very well so far, Ailie, and I think that neither you nor me will ever have a word to say against spey-wives as long as we live. I need not tell you how it was all arranged; for ye must be getting back to the house—if your uncle found out I was in the neighborhood he might suspect; but this I will tell you, that when he went into the safe-room this evening he saw something he will not forget in a hurry. There was a gallows painted in white fire on the lid of the iron chest. Was not that a good warning? Faith, it was a narrow squeak for me, for I had just time to bolt into the store closet when I heard his foot on the stairs; ay, and no sooner was I in than the phosphorus bottle fell from my hand and I thought he would have heard the rattle of it, but I suppose he did not. And so he wants to be friends wi' me? Well, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. When I said to old Nancy Lissom, 'but if I put that phosphorus gallows on the iron chest I may frighten the old man out of his senses,' she says directly, 'Well, then, he would have murdered you if he could.' So it's quits, as far as I am minded. Now, Ailie, dear, I would like to stand here talking to you the whole night through, but we must not run any risk. He must not know I am here——"

"But you will stay on at the keeper's cottage, Alec," she said, "until there's time for the letters to go to Inverness and for you to come back? Of course, you will do that, when he is so anxious to see you. And to-morrow forenoon, about eleven, be at the corner of the fir plantation, and I will come and tell you how things are going. Good night, good night."

They parted, and she hastened back to the house. She found that the old farmer had not noticed her absence; he had drawn the arm-chair in to the table, and was poring over the family Bible, occasionally repeating a verse aloud——"*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. . . . The wicked*

have laid a snare for me; yet I erred not from thy precepts. . . . I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes alway, even unto the end." And when he ceased he told Alison that on reflection his conscience would not allow him to touch the little keg of smuggled whiskey that had been secretly sent him from the "Black bothy" (it was really a bribe; for the whereabouts of the illicit still was well known to the shepherds), but that if it was presented to Mr. MacInroy (the minister of the parish) there would be a kind of sanctifying it to good uses; consequently he bade Alison see that the little cask was despatched to the manse on the following morning, with a message of compliments; for Mr. MacInroy was a good man, and respected, and it behoved all decent people to do what they could for the comfort and well-being of a minister of the gospel. After that he counselled Alison to be a good girl, and said that peace and prosperity came to those who walked in straight and upright ways; and then, after she had persuaded him to have a little supper, and also (without any persuasion) a stiff tumbler of whiskey and water, he again recommended her to walk in the paths of mercy and justice and loving kindness to all mankind, and got him away to bed.

Well, when sufficient time had been allowed to elapse for the arrival of the letters in Inverness and Nairn, and for the return of the proper answer, Alec Jameson made his appearance; and very much surprised he appeared to be at the summons, but humble, and civil, and courteous withal. After one sharp, brief glance, the old man rather kept his eyes away from him; but that single glance had satisfied the farmer that no mischief at all had been wrought by the charm. Had the unseen powers been mocking him, then, or luring him on to his doom? Anyway, that was all over; he would keep to the straight path; whatever amends had to be made, he would make now; and then, with his hands washed clean of Alison's affairs, how could anyone in the future harm him, above ground or under ground, in the water, or above the sky?

Alison, her uncle, and Alec Jameson were in the parlor.

"It's but a natural thing for young folk to think of getting married," said the farmer, "and I've changed my mind; I'll no' stand in your way any longer. And then there's another thing: When Alison leaves the farm she maun take wi' her her share; that's but right; I want to be just and fair to everyone, man or

woman, old or young. It's no for me to say how much it is; for I've worked hard for her sake and my own; but we'll have the lawyers draw out an account, and whatever is hers she'll have. Are ye satisfied?"

He looked up at the young man.

"It was not after Alison's money that I ever came to Fasslie," Alec Jameson said.

"But are ye satisfied?"

"I would take Alison without a penny, if that was her condition," he said.

"But are ye satisfied?" the old man insisted.

"Oh, yes. On behalf of Alison I cannot but say that is a fair offer."

"For this is what I want to say," the old farmer continued "that when Ailie has got every penny that is strictly hers, weel, then, a young lass should hae a little bit extra to spend on hersel' when she's going to get married, and over and above what the lawyers give I mysel' will give her fifty pounds—fifty pounds will I give her. For what? Just to show that there's nae ill-feeling between me and her, or the man she's going to marry, or any other human crayture."

Of course they professed themselves profoundly grateful. It was none of their business to probe deeps of human motives—though they may have had a little bit of a guess as to the origin of this unwonted generosity. Besides, the fifty pounds would do something to beautify the little cottage just outside Inverness that these two had talked off from time to time, but with scant notion that it was to be so soon in their possession.

And a very pretty cottage it is, too, at this moment; and if you happen to be driving by you may catch a glimpse of Alison Graham—or rather, Mrs. Jameson, for such has been her state and title these three or four years or more—at work trimming and pruning in the back garden, while a small, bullet-headed boy is tumbling about near her among the gooseberry bushes, and doing what mischief his tiny fists can. The fifty pounds were carefully expended, but as for the other money coming to Alison, that has not been touched; on the contrary, it has been added to, for Captain Jameson's fifth share has so far been profitable. Alison has gone one or two voyages in the Princess Mary; but she is not par-

ticularly fond of it; with two children to look after the time does not hang heavily on her hands. She has her holiday time when Alec Jameson comes home from sea; and they have plenty of friends in Inverness; though she has not yet mustered up courage enough to accept her husband's jocular invitation that she should go and see the two wise women. She prefers to leave them alone.

As for old Robert Graham, he is an elder now. The shrunken wax effigy he buried at cock-crow on a Sabbath morning, when, as every one knows, charms and incantations are powerless to harm; the rest of the day he devoted to reading aloud from the family Bible. Whether the mysterious and unnamed powers are still unfriendly, or are content to let bygones be bygones, he cannot judge; at all events, he would cherish no ill-will against them; perhaps they only resented some touch of green being left on the big iron chest. But he never goes into the safe-room now after the sun has sunk behind the western hills.

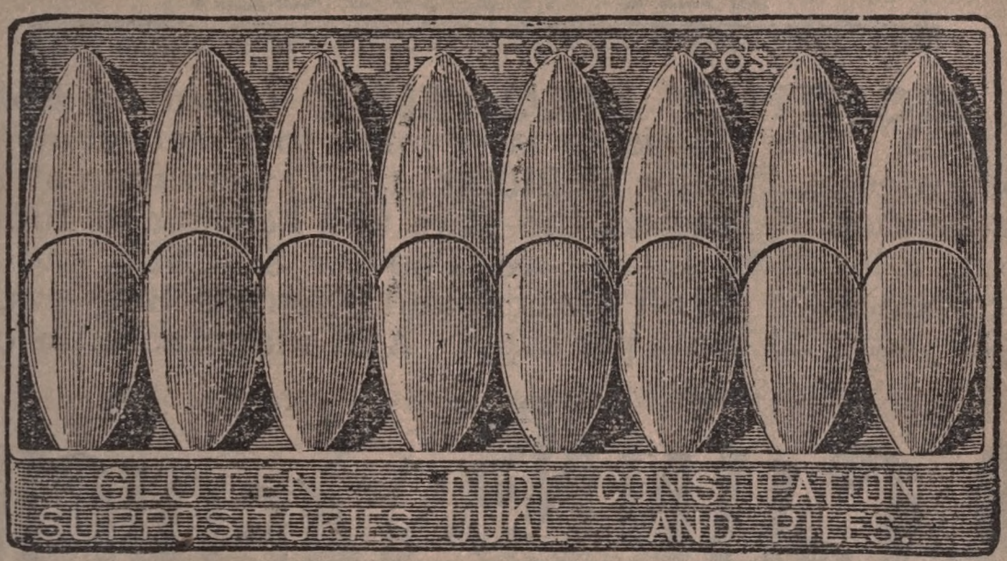
THE END.

INDEFATICABILITY

marks the women of our households when they undertake to make their homes bright and cheery. Nothing deters them. Their weary work may be as long as the word which begins this paragraph, but they prove their regard for decent homes by their indefatigability. What a pity that any of them should add to their toil by neglecting to use Sapolio. It reduces the labor of cleaning and scouring at least one-half. 10c. a cake. Sold by all grocers.

ABANDON PHYSIC!

50 Cents by Mail.
Sold by Druggists.



All our Health Food Circulars Free.

DR. A. W. THOMPSON, Northampton, Mass., says: "I have tested the Gluten Suppositories, and consider them valuable. as indeed, I expected from the excellence of their theory."

DR. WM. TOD HELMUTH declares the Gluten Suppositories to be "the best remedy for constipation which I have ever prescribed."

"As Sancho Panza said of sleep, so say I of your Gluten Suppositories: God bless the man who invented them!"—E. L. RIPLEY, Burlington, Vt.

"I prescribe the Gluten Suppositories almost daily in my practice and am often astonished at the permanent results obtained."—J. MONTFORT SCHLEY, M.D., Professor Physical Diagnosis Woman's Medical College, New York City.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 75 4th Avenue, N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

THE BEST WASHING COMPOUND EVER INVENTED.

No Lady, Married or Single, Rich or Poor, Housekeeping or Boarding, will be without it after testing its utility.

Sold by all first-class Grocers, but beware of worthless imitations.

HOME KNOWLEDGE ASSOCIATION

Publishers of

HOME KNOWLEDGE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE edited by ROBERT A. GUNN, M.D. This Magazine is devoted to Practical and Household Knowledge, Family **MEDICINE**, the Preservation of **HEALTH** and Prevention of Disease, the Care and Feeding of Infants and Children, Education, Literature, Popular **SCIENCE**, and answers to correspondence on all Medical and Scientific Subjects. Price, $2.00 per year; 20 cents per copy. And manufacturers of

DR. GUNN'S FAMILY MEDICINES

Dr. Gunn's Home Pills, Dr. Gunn's Home Liniment, Dr. Gunn's Home Tonic for Women, Dr. Gunn's Home Dyspepsia Cure, Dr. Gunn's Home Kidney Cure, Dr. Gunn's Home Catarrh Specific, and a full line of FAMILY MEDICINES; also **KOSMEMA**, the celebrated Greek Complexion Beautifier used by the Empress Josephine and her Court, and other Toilet and Household Articles. HOME KNOWLEDGE ASSOCIATION is incorporated, with a capital of $250,000, and authorized to publish and sell Magazines, Papers, Books, Medicines, etc., also to manufacture DR. GUNN'S **FAMILY MEDICINES.** Every subscriber to **HOME KNOWLEDGE** will receive, free of cost, a large quarto book describing the symptoms and treatment of all diseases to which our **REMEDIES** are applicable, including a descriptive catalogue of the standard and new **BOOKS**, magazines, and newspapers published in America and England. This elaborate and useful work of reference, compiled by the ablest physicians and bibliographers, is worth much more than the price of the magazine; also a certificate entitling him or her to a yearly membership of the association, the benefits of which are the ability to purchase all Papers, Magazines, Books, and Medicines at wholesale prices, thus saving members, each year, many times the subscription price of **HOME KNOWLEDGE.**

On application we will mail, free of charge, a full descriptive circular of the **MAGAZINE** and **Dr. Gunn's Family Medicines.** Town and County Agents Wanted. Special inducements to Agents. For particulars address

HOME KNOWLEDGE ASSOCIATION, 45 E. 22d St., New York.

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S NOVELS.

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE. 12mo. Paper, 20 cents.

There are color, splendor, and passion everywhere; action in abundance; constant variety and absorbing interest. Mr. Haggard does not err on the side of niggardliness; he is only too affluent in description and ornament. . . . There is a largeness, a freshness, and a strength about him which are full of promise and encouragement, the more since he has placed himself so unmistakably on the romantic side of fiction; that is, on the side of truth and permanent value. . . . He is already one of the foremost modern romance writers.—*N. Y. World.*

It seems to me that Mr. Haggard has supplied to us in this book the complement of "Dr. Jeckyl." He has shown us what woman's love for man really means.—*The Journalist.*

One cannot too much applaud Mr. Haggard for his power in working up to a weird situation and holding the reader at the ghost-story pitch without ever absolutely entering the realm of the supernatural. . . . It is a story to be read at one sitting, not in weekly parts. But its sensationalism is fresh and stirring; its philosophy is conveyed in pages that glow with fine images and charm the reader like the melodious verse of Swinburne.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the most peculiar, vivid, and absorbing stories we have read for a long time.—*Boston Times.*

JESS. A Novel. 12mo. Paper, 20 cents.

Mr. Haggard has a genius, not to say a great talent, for story-telling. . . . That he should have a large circle of readers in England and this country, where so many are trying to tell stories with no stories to tell, is a healthy sign, in that it shows that the love of fiction, pure and simple, is as strong as it was in the days of Dickens and Thackeray and Scott, the older days of Smollett and Fielding, and the old, old days of Le Sage and Cervantes.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

This bare sketch of the story gives no conception of the beauty of the love-passages between Jess and Niel, or of the many fine touches interpolated by the author.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Another feast of South African life and marvel for those who revelled in "She."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The story has special and novel interest for the spirited reproduction of life, character, scenes, and incidents peculiar to the Transvaal.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Mr. Haggard is remarkable for his fertility of invention. . . . The story, like the rest of his stories, is full of romance, movement, action, color, passion. "Jess" is to be commended because it is what it pretends to be—a story.—*Philadelphia Times.*

KING SOLOMON'S MINES. A Novel. 12mo. Paper, 20 cents.

Few stories of the season are more exciting than this, for it contains an account of the discovery of the legendary mines of King Solomon in South Africa. The style is quaint and realistic throughout, and the adventures of the explorers in the land of the Kukuana are full of stirring incidents. The characters, too, are vigorously drawn.—*News and Courier*, Charleston.

This novel has achieved a wonderful popularity. It is one of the best selling books of the season, and it deserves its great success.—*Troy Daily Press.*

THE WITCH'S HEAD. A Novel. 12mo. Paper, 20 cents.

DAWN. A Novel. 12mo. Paper, 20 cents.

Published by JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY, New York.

☞ *Any of the above works sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

The Land Question.

By HENRY GEORGE.

Author of "Progress and Poverty," "Social Problems," etc.

As No. 390 of our Library we have reprinted, with the addition of a new preface, the remarkable pamphlet by Henry George, first published some three years ago under the title of "The Irish Land Question." The change of title has been made to better indicate the real subject, for though the Irish agitation is taken as a text, it is to introduce a discussion of world-wide and permanent interest. As the *Critic* has said, "In all the current literature there is nothing like this pamphlet." Its quick, brilliant touches and striking groupings of fact give to its close logic the charm of a series of vivid pictures. As the *Times* said: "One rises from a reading of this weighty but most fascinating book with a conviction of the justice of the theory advocated, and with admiration for the clearness with which it is stated." To those who wish to get at a glance some intelligent idea of theories now beginning to revolutionize thought, "The Land Question" will be especially valuable, while the low price of ten cents at which we have issued it will enable those who have read it in its previous form to extend its circulation among those not yet alive to the importance of the great question it treats.

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

14 & 16 Vesey Street, NEW YORK.

Henry George's New Book.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By HENRY GEORGE.

No. 393, LOVELL'S LIBRARY, 12mo, large type, paper cover, 20c.

The great success already achieved on both sides of the Atlantic by Henry George's new book, leads us to expect for this popular edition a circulation at least equal to that of "Progress and Poverty." With all the characteristics that have made "Progress and Poverty" so famous, it is yet even better adapted for general reading, and serves the purpose both of an introduction and a supplement to that more scientific work. In "Social Problems" Mr. George has aimed at presenting the great social questions of the time without technical language or the abstract reasoning necessary to the development of the theories advanced in "Progress and Poverty," and at the same time to treat a number of questions that did not come within the scope of the former work. He has produced a book which "he who runs may read," but which will yet carry even the casual reader into the heart of all the great questions which are now beginning to agitate the public mind.

J. W. LOVELL COMPANY,
Publishers, 14 & 16 Vesey Street,
NEW YORK.

"PAPA'S OWN GIRL."

By Marie Howland.

The manuscript of this GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL was submitted by the author to one of the ablest of our editorial critics, who, after a careful perusal, returned it with the following analysis of its rare excellence:

"*As I think of them, the men, women and children of your story seem like actually living beings, whom I have met and lived with, or perhaps may meet to-morrow.*

"*The last half of your novel is grander than anything GEORGE ELIOT ever wrote. I am not, in saying this, disparaging the first half of the story, but this last part is a new gospel. THE COUNT is a creation suggested by the best qualities of the best men you have known. THE SOCIAL PALACE, as you have painted it, is the heaven of humanity; and the best of it is, that it is a heaven capable of realization.* * * * * * * * *The scene of DAN'S return, and of his meeting with MIN, is indescribably pathetic; no one could read it with dry eyes, and the moral element involved is more effective than in any dramatic situation in literature. With the true fidelity of the artist you have given perfect attention to your minor characters, 'TOO SOON' for example; and I admire the tact with which you bring over Mrs. FOREST' into sympathy with the SOCIAL PALACE and WOMAN'S RIGHTS. This is true ART. Your novel throughout meets all the great questions of the day, even the financial one, and it is the best translation of GODIN that could be given. You will find a PUBLISHER, be sure of that, and THE NOVEL WILL BE THE GREATEST LITERARY SENSATION OF THE TIME.*"

This powerfully written and artistic Novel is to the social questions now convulsing the civilized world what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the slavery agitation.

One volume, 12mo, Lovell's Library, No. 534,
30 cents; Cloth, 45 cents.

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., Publishers,
14 and 16 Vesey St., New York.

HENRY GEORGE'S LATEST WORK.

Protection or Free Trade?

AN EXAMINATION OF THE TARIFF QUESTION WITH ESPECIAL REGARD TO THE INTERESTS OF LABOR.

By HENRY GEORGE,

Author of "Progress and Poverty," "Social Problems," "The Land Question," etc.

12mo, Cloth. Price, $1.50.

CONTENTS.

I. Introductory.
II. Clearing ground.
III. Of method.
IV. Protection as a universal need.
V. The protective unit.
VI. Trade.
VII. Production and producers.
VIII. Tariffs for revenue.
IX. Tariffs for protection.
X. The encouragement of industry.
XI. The home market and home trade.
XII. Exports and imports.
XIII. Confusions arising from the use of money.
XIV. Do high wages necessitate protection?
XV. Of advantages and disadvantages as reasons for protection.
XVI. The development of manufactures.
XVII. Protection and producers.
XVIII. Effect of protection on American industry.
XIX. Protection and wages.
XX. The abolition of protection.
XXI. Inadequacy of the free trade argument.
XXII. The real weakness of free trade.
XXIII. The real strength of protection.
XXIV. The paradox.
XXV. The robber that takes all that is left.
XXVI. True free trade.
XXVII. The lion in the path.
XXVIII. Free trade and socialism.
XXIX. Practical politics.
XXX. Conclusion.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent prepaid by mail on receipt of price.

HENRY GEORGE & CO.,

16 Astor Place, New York.

DR. SCOTT'S
ELECTRIC CORSETS AND BELTS.

Corsets, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00. Belts, $3.00. Nursing Corset, Price, $1.50. Abdominal Corset, Price, $3.00.

Seventeen thousand families in the City of New York alone are now wearing them daily. Every Man and Women, well or ill, should daily wear either the Corset or Belt.

OUR CORSETS ARE DOUBLE STITCHED AND WILL NOT RIP.

If you have *any* pain, ache, or ill-feeling from any cause, if you seem "pretty well," yet lack energy and do not "feel up to the mark," if you suffer from disease, we beg you to at once try these remarkable curatives. They cannot and do not injure like medicine. Always doing good, never harm. There is no shock or sensation felt in wearing them. *Every mail brings us testimonials like the following:*

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

The Corsets do not differ in appearance from those usually worn. They are elegant in shape and finish, made after the best French pattern, and warranted satisfactory in every respect. Our Belts for both gents and ladies are the genuine Dr. Scott's and are reliable.

The prices are as follows: $1, $1.50, $2 and $3 for the Corsets, and $3 each for the Belts. The accompanying cut represents our No. 2, or $1.50 Corset. We have also a beautiful French shaped Sateen Corset at $3, also a fine Sateen Abdominal Corset at $3, and a short Sateen Corset at $2. The $1 and $1.50 goods are made of fine Jean, elegant in shape, strong and durable. Nursing Corsets, $1.50; Misses, 75c. All are double stitched. Gents' and Ladies' Belts, $3 each; Ladies' Abdominal Supporter, an invaluable article, $12. They are sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass by which the Electro-Magnetic influence can be tested. If you cannot find them in your dry goods store, remit to us direct. We will send either kind to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, with 20 cents added for packing and postage.

We guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Remit in Post-Office Money-order, Draft, Check, or in Currency by Registered Letter at our risk. In ordering kindly mention *Lovell's Library*, and state exact size of corset usually worn. Make all remittances payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

N. B.—Each article is stamped with the English coat-of-arms, and the name of the Proprietors, THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION.

Hollis Centre, Me.
I suffered severely from back trouble for years and found no relief till I wore Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets. They cured me, and I would not be without them. MRS. H. D. BENSON.

Memphis, Tennessee.
Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have given me much relief. I suffered four years with breast trouble, without finding any benefit from other remedies. They are invaluable.
MRS. JAS. CAMPBELL.

De Witt, N. Y.
I have an invalid sister who had not been dressed for a year. She has worn Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets for two weeks, and is now able to be dressed and sit up most of the time.
MELVA J. DOE.

Chambersburg, Pa.
I found Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets possessed miraculous power in stimulating and invigorating my enfeebled body, and the Hair Brush had a magic effect on my scalp. MRS. T. E. SNYDER,
Fancy Goods Dealer.

Newark, N. Y.
Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have entirely cured me of muscular rheumatism, and also of severe case of headache.
MRS. L. C. SPENCER.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00; Flesh Brushes, $3.00; Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brushes, 50 cents; Insoles, 50 cents; CHEST PROCTECTOR, $3.00; ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER, 50 cents; LUNG AND NERVE INVIGORATORS, $5.00 and $10.00.

A GREAT SUCCESS ☞ **A Good Live Canvassing Agent WANTED in your town for these splendidly advertised and best selling goods in the market. LIBERAL PAY, QUICK SALES. Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at once. GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.**

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with internal heat.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

Treating the Wrong Disease.—Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
No. 663 Main Street, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

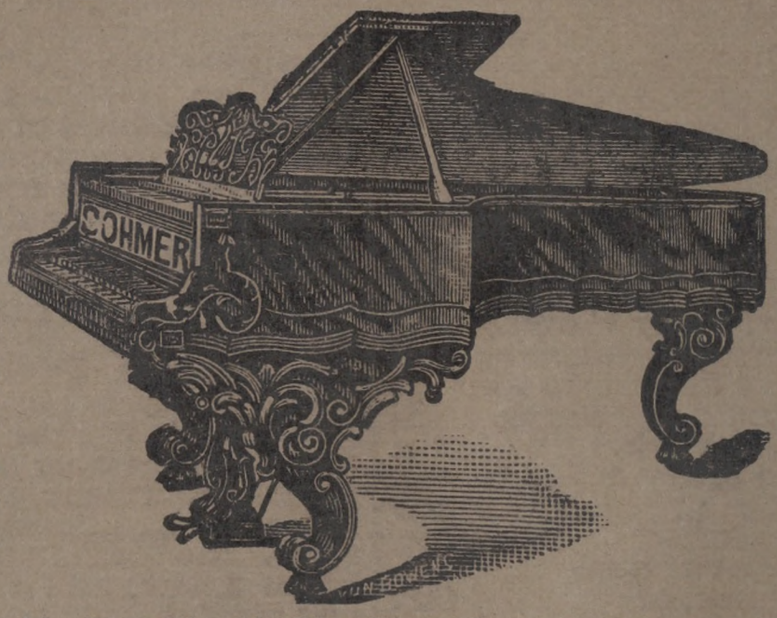
GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS

FIRST PRIZE

DIPLOMA

Centennial Exhibition, 1876; Montreal, 1881 and 1882.

The enviable position Sohmer & Co. hold among American Piano Manufacturers is solely due to the merits of their instruments.



They are used in Conservatories, Schools, and Seminaries, on account of their superior tone and unequaled durability.

The SOHMER Piano is a special favorite with the leading musicians and critics.

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR

AND PREFERRED BY THE LEADING ARTISTS.

SOHMER & CO., Manufacturers, No. 149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Toilet Soap

White·Exquisitely·Perfumed·Pure.

COLGATE & CO'S TOILET SOAPS.

103 VARIETIES: ADAPTED·TO·EVERY·TASTE·AND·USE·

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00012783711